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LETTERS

revolt in Taiwan

Durham, N.C.

DEAR SIRS: My own, more limited knowledge of the subject indicates that Marilyn Young's "Formosa: Solidarity of Gloom" [*The Nation*, Mar. 4] is an accurate and a perceptive description of the current plight of intellectuals in Taiwan. . . . I must dissent, however, from her inference that the conditions which she describes are likely to produce some kind of explosion which will undermine or perhaps even destroy the present regime in Taiwan.

The future of Taiwan will be determined for the most part not by its intelligentsia but rather by the loyalties of its 600,000-man army, its peasants, who comprise the vast majority of the population, and the economically powerful leaders of the Taiwanese business community. Like Mrs. Young, I spent the last months of 1966 and the early part of 1967 in Taiwan. . . . I became much involved with persons having considerable knowledge of conditions in Chiang Kai-shek's army, and I heard from them nothing which made me feel that any part of that army would support the kind of insurrection Mrs. Young seems to have in mind. As for the peasants, undoubtedly they are unhappy about high taxes, as well as corruption and extortion . . . but my own, admittedly limited, observations suggest that an effective program of land reforms and rising living standards in the countryside have made the Taiwanese peasantry much less discontented and rebellious than are the peasants in many other Asian countries.

Conversations with a close friend of more than ten years' standing who happens to be one of the most important of the younger leaders of the Taiwanese business community indicate that, although this community shares many of the grievances which the intelligentsia have with respect to the Nationalist regime, its members are too preoccupied with enriching themselves to assume the leadership of or perhaps even take part in any movement aimed at overthrowing the present government. *Donald C. Gillin*
Department of History, Duke University

Hanover, N.H.

DEAR SIRS: I must agree with Professor Gillin that the potential for revolution in Taiwan is low at the moment. Two events might change this: a severe economic depression and/or a sloppy transition period at the time of Chiang Kai-shek's death. In a crisis, American policy could have a decisive impact, and my article was written in the hope, however dim, of influencing that policy. *Marilyn Young*

UN reporter

Oradell, N.J.

DEAR SIRS: The editorial by Anne Tuckerman ["Once More, With Blood," *The Nation*, Apr. 8] was welcome reading. It gave a temperate, succinct account of *both* sides of the tangled Arab-Israeli dispute now being discussed by the UN Security Council. *B. Ruben*

Jesse Newlon

DEAR SIRS: To supplement the Newlon Papers in the University of Denver Library, and for a biography, we seek correspondence and reminiscences concerning Jesse Homer Newlon (1882-1941), influential figure in the Progressive Education movement as Denver school superintendent (1920-27) and professor of educational administration, Teachers College, Columbia University (1927-41).

Theodore R. Crane, Charles Angeletti
History Department,
University of Denver, Denver, Colo. 80210

EDITORIALS

'Shoot To Kill!'—Daley

On April 15, Dick Gregory called a news conference in Chicago to announce that he was dropping plans for demonstrations at the Democratic National Convention, because in view of the temper of the Negroes and the "ethnic groups" there was no way to insure against civil violence on a scale heretofore unknown in this country. Gregory, a man of proved personal courage, wanted none of this blood on his conscience. His action was that of a responsible public citizen.

On that very same day, Mayor Richard J. Daley, appearing on television in an angry, blustering mood, directed his police chief to issue a written order to the force to shoot any future arsonists and looters. In the case of arsonists, the police were to "shoot to kill," the individual officer thereby constituting himself judge, jury and executioner on the spot. In the case of looters, the Mayor ordered the police to shoot only to "maim or cripple"; he evidently has an exaggerated idea of the accuracy of hand guns under riot conditions.

The contrast between Daley, the mayor of a great city, and Gregory, a comedian by profession but also a formidable public citizen, could hardly be sharper. It is a juxtaposition that should make the average citizen think. It has certainly had that effect on some un-average citizens, like Mayor Lindsay of New York. It is always dismaying when a powerful public official makes a fool of himself—viciously foolish in this instance—and it is reassuring when he gets a bad press, as Daley did.

The fact is that from any practical standpoint, Daley does not know what he is talking about. No doubt, he is quaking lest disorder during the Democratic convention should redound to his personal discredit and damage the Democratic nominee, whoever he may be. But if that is what is eating him, he should have learned something from the series of riots that followed the assassination of Dr. King. Cyrus R. Vance, at one time Deputy Secretary of Defense, is also an expert on riots and street fighting. He was present throughout the fighting in Detroit last summer and issued a sharply critical report on the handling of that situation, and on April 5 when rioting broke out in the national capital he was called in immediately as a special assistant to Mayor Walter E. Washington. "We learn from each incident," Vance said, comparing the two situations. Daley learns nothing; he just blusters.

Violence begets violence. In the Detroit disorders more than thirty people were killed, almost all of them Negroes. In Washington, with Negroes making up 60 per cent of the population, the situation was potentially worse but the death toll there was limited to ten, of which seven were clearly linked to rioting. It was a big outbreak, with more than 900 fires, all in the ghetto as usual, and more than 6,000 persons arrested. But less than thirty shots were fired. "We applied here the lessons we learned in Detroit," Vance summed it up. His technique is to handle riots with "the minimum use of force."

With a minimum *use* of force there should be coupled

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a maximum *display* of force before violence, arson and looting get under way. There are many other considerations. *Business Week* (April 13) has an informative summary of what has been learned to date; it should be read by all public officials and especially by hotheads like Richard J. Daley.

It is a multifaceted problem. Consider the human aspect. When, as in Newark, ill-trained police and National Guardsmen, many of them hardly more than boys, are let loose to engage in saturation shooting (often at one another) and generally undisciplined conduct, there are unnecessary and inexcusable casualties. On the day of the Daley outburst, a funeral was being held for a 19-year-old Negro divinity student who had been killed as a looter by the Trenton police the week before. Trenton civil rights officials have affidavits from witnesses who say that the youth was trying to *prevent* disorder.

The rights of the owners of property are secondary but by no means to be neglected. It is true that there is no justification for victimizing shopkeepers in ghetto neighborhoods (even though some of them may have been overcharging or swindling their customers). To defend the robbing or even exploiting of shopkeepers smacks of the same type of reasoning as Mayor Daley's diatribe. But looting can be kept to a minimum by the methods proved by previous experience, and without either killing people or allowing pillage to go unpunished.

The larger problem is not how to cope with riots but how to cure the complex of social diseases of which riots are only a symptom. Gregory spoke along that line at the Yale senior class dinner during his fast in protest against the Vietnamese War. "As far as I am concerned," Gregory said, "the number-one problem confronting this country today is not the problem of air pollution but the problem of moral pollution. You young kids who are going out to face the world . . . are going to have to face this problem like no Americans have ever had to face it. . . . Don't get me wrong. I am not here asking you to do a damn thing for colored folks [but] you are going to have to deal with this problem. . . . You'll have to understand it. You will have to become a little more honest than we have been."

Honesty is a skill more difficult to learn than the gunning down of fleeing looters, but the one builds a society while the other spreads a jungle.

War and Peace and Money

The stock market has been reflecting the wistful desire of the American people for peace, but the rise in prices and volume during the week of April 8 was more a financial knee jerk than a rational response. For one thing, peace is not in sight. Even if Johnson, Rusk and Rostow turned overnight into apostles of reason and good will, they would have to reckon with the rulers of Thailand, South Korea and South Vietnam, all committed to victory or everlasting slaughter. Unless, at some crucial juncture, the United States threatens to withdraw its air power and other assistance from these perpetual hawks, Johnson's successor will be halfway through his term before the major fighting can be stopped.

Still, the war will end sometime, and then what? Leav-

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ing aside the really tough jobs, such as making the ghetto warrens fit for human habitation, consider just one third-level transition which at modest expense could produce great benefits within a single existing sector of technology. At the March convention of the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers, Dr. Alan R. Kahn, a professor of anesthesiology at the University of Illinois School of Medicine, pointed out that important contributions can be made to public health programs by the application of defense-oriented electronics. He added, however, that for bureaucratic, legislative and financial reasons, and given the mores of the free-enterprise system, it is difficult to beat swords into plowshares.

Aside from a special situation like this, a general difficulty is the sheer magnitude of the funds involved and the vested interests that have got control of the key jobs and political power. The annual defense budget is about $80 billion, but that is only the current expenditure. In the *Pacific Historical Review* (November, 1967) of the University of California, James L. Clayton, an assistant professor of history at the University of Utah, has a dismaying article on "The Impact of the Cold War on the Economies of California and Utah, 1946-1965." He selected two different states to avoid giving a one-sided picture, California, of course, gets most of the work: from 1951 through 1965 the Department of Defense gave that swollen state $67.2 billion in prime defense contracts (and that was before the peak of spending for Vietnam). Some of the money left the state in subcontracting but some came in by the same route; by all indications, the bulk of it stayed in the aptly named Golden State. Certainly the $20 billion in research and development contracts did. More than $50 billion in defense spending has been concentrated in Los Angeles County alone, with an overflow into neighboring Orange County, which increased manufacturing employment there more than tenfold since 1950.

California's universities, think tanks and industries picked up $4.5 billion just in R&D funds in fiscal 1965. If the Defense Department and NASA research funds alone were sharply curtailed, not to speak of Vietnam, Ph.D.s would be jumping out of windows.

Clayton suggests that defense spending may have been "the single most important economic and demographic factor in the history of the Far West during the last two decades." Since all parts of the country are financially intertwined, it is scarcely possible to think of sharp cutbacks without great danger to the whole system. Even when the war ends—and in the doubtful event that Congress will then be willing to divert to useful purposes a substantial part of the $30 billion a year being poured into that rathole—it will be years before much of a start can be made on eradicating the slums, educating the uneducated, and providing jobs for people who never had any (and who, in point of harsh fact, are not needed in the free-enterprise economy).

The people who bought more than 20 million shares of stock on a single day—and during the week of April 8 drove the Dow-Jones industrial average up 40 points—must have been living in that dream world which, more than once, has dominated the Street which is supposed to be the canniest of them all.

Politics, New Style

Like children learning to swim—making terrified splashes and taking in mouthfuls of water—the politicians are trying to learn to keep their heads above the new political environment in which they find themselves. It is difficult, but if democracy is to work, both the people and the politicians must make the adjustment.

As soon as Kennedy entered the lists, there was a spate of old-style, old-politics speculation about moves to "stop Kennedy." Part of this effort, beyond any doubt, was the attempt at St. Louis to get the Democratic Governors to erect a roadblock in a hurry. It was engineered by Gov. John Connally, who is slated to be Mr. Humphrey's running mate on the stand-in-for-LBJ ticket. But the Governors balked. As Tom Wicker put it, they showed a not unnatural disinclination to lay their heads on the block. Instead, taking a much more comfortable position, they declined to "stop or promote" any candidate. Most of them will show up at the convention as favorite sons. In theory, of course everyone is in favor of "open" conventions, but these are a rarity in practice. This one, however, promises to be more open than usual—a good thing in itself.

The underlying movement is suggested by Gov. Richard Hughes of New Jersey—that the primaries, the polls and the campaigns will "tell the people something." By present indications, they will. The freer the delegates are to act, once they get the message, the better will be the future outlook for American politics. That future also takes on a rosier hue because young voters, and young people not yet old enough to vote, are trying to tell the politicians something. No less than 40 per cent of the 21-to-29 age group are independents. Parties mean virtually nothing to these future majorities. They vote for men and issues. In this sense, a freer style of politics is emerging.

The GOP, despite its fixation on the past, cannot resist the gravitational pull of the massive new bodies in political space. F. Clifton White, a national political strategist who has been serving as a paid consultant to the California Republican delegation, predicts that Nixon will not make it on the first ballot. Sen. Thruston Morton says the same. White foresees an "open pragmatic affair," which is probably going a bit far, but it could be *more* open than anybody thought possible a while ago. Parties, if they wish to survive, must nowadays learn to respond to voter preferences; hence it behooves the delegates to ascertain what the voters are thinking, by contrast with the time when only the delegates had seen or known the candidates.

These changes, wrought largely by television, should dissipate some of the political idiocies of the past, such as the "balanced ticket"—Al Smith and a Dixiecrat (who remembers Joseph T. Robinson?), Franklin D. Roosevelt and John Nance Garner, JFK and LBJ, etc. When sectionalism was a key factor, this kind of balancing made some sense, but it was never a good idea, for it produced weak or unfit Vice Presidential candidates. LBJ was an "accidental" President who did not expect to be nominated for Vice President. Truman was another ticket balancer, and the notion that he was a great President, or even a very good one, is dissipating. His greatest accomplishment was following Churchill blindly into the cold war.

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Nowadays we need in effect four Presidents—the two men best qualified for the Presidency in both parties. That would be an improvement on the worn routines, gimmicks, dodges and maneuvers of the old politics, and it might turn out to be a vital improvement in times so perilous. Without such a change, the New Politics is only the old in a new dress. Whether the change can be effected is a test of the parties, the voters and the ethos of this country, now approaching its second centennial.

Postscript to an Article

Journalism is, or should be, a cooperative, ongoing endeavor. One publication—by luck or diligence—turns up a piece of a story, which prompts some other publication to do some fresh digging, and this in turn adds a bit more to the story; over a period of time the full facts are disclosed. As a case in point, *The Nation* on January 22 carried an article entitled "Restaurant Workers: The Thumb in Labor's Soup" by Burton Hall, which dealt with some of the odd activities of Restaurant Workers Local 11 in New York City and of Fred Ferrara, the $500-a-week president of the union. Predictably, we received indignant protests from Mr. Ferrara and from Harold L. Luxemburg, attorney for the local, which we published (March 11) along with a rejoinder from Burton Hall. Then, on March 22, a high official of Local 11 was indicted for perjury involving suspected misuse of the union's funds.

Still more recently, *The Wall Street Journal* (April 12) ran a three-column story captioned: "Restaurant Union Under Fire: New York City Local Is Suspected of Ties with Mafia and Misuse of Welfare Funds," which pounced on Local 11 with still more disclosures. One or two further reports of this kind, with a little cooperation from local, state and federal officials, should make it possible for the members of Local 11 to have a union which is run by and for the rank and file.

We are, of course, pleased to have had a hand in setting this disclosure process in motion. But what concerns us about this, as about any number of similar instances, is that so often it falls to the lot of small-circulation publications, seriously handicapped by lack of staff and funds, to initiate investigations of this sort. Why is it, for example, that the New York dailies are apparently the last to learn—or the last to report—such stories?

The Reservoir

Los Angeles

Violence erupted in 125 American cities after the assassination of Martin Luther King. But Los Angeles, a city with a black population of 350,000 and racked by racial upheaval in 1965, was quiet. It did not just happen that way; it was planned, and it was planned by the community's black leadership on the night Dr. King died.

The black leaders assembled quickly. There were Christian clergymen and nonbelievers, conservative businessmen and revolutionaries, adults and youths, but they had one thing in common: they were all determined that violence was not the answer to violence.

Had the meeting that night been an event in isolation, it might not have been able to keep the tense ghetto under strict discipline. The critical period was the preceding year, during which a series of meetings had taken place among blacks of divergent views. They had discussed their differences, and they had come to the conclusion that persons and organizations of varying philosophies could work together against discrimination. They agreed that the acquisition of power through unity and sophisticated political organization could lead to revolutionary reform without such change being accompanied by bloodshed.

Moderates and militants alike among the black leadership of Los Angeles decline to predict that violence will not occur. They say that if the dominant whites fail to respond with imagination and action to the elementary needs of the minority. Los Angeles could be the 126th city in the nation's headlines. There is still time, and among the blacks there is still a reservoir of good will—strange as that may seem after Dr. King's death. But time is getting short and the reservoir is not bottomless.

EL PASO DIALOGUE

THE RHETORIC OF REVENGE

ELROY BODE
Mr. Bode, who teaches in El Paso, has contributed to the Texas Quarterly, Texas Observer, Redbook *and other publications. He is the author also of* Texas Sketchbook.

El Paso

On April 6—as paratroopers stood guard in Washington, Chicago streets went up in flames and the body of Martin Luther King lay in state—comedian Dick Gregory and Harry Edwards, until recently assistant professor of sociology at San Jose State College (see "San Jose: the Bullhorn Message" by James Brann, *The Nation,* November 6, 1967) and now completing work for his Ph.D. at Cornell, arrived at the University of Texas at El Paso for the first Black Student Conference ever held in the Southwest. One hundred and fifty black students and interested whites from universities in Texas, Arizona and New Mexico had gathered to discuss the problems of black students and to hear the two controversial Negro leaders.

The conference ended peacefully, but there seemed no doubt that, as far as Gregory and Edwards were concerned, the situation is now so bad that blacks will have to resort to revolution.

That first day of meetings depressed me. For two hours

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I listened to Edwards, leader of the Negro boycott of the Olympic games, give an "off-the-cuff chat," and, if you're white, Edwards can depress you immensely. He can convince you that a way of life is passing; that communication between the races is finished—at least for the present; that the racial impasse is so great that destruction of the country's existing institutions is the only solution that militant young blacks will settle for. And yet, by making the white listener begin to despair over the prospects of a sane and peaceful future, Edwards can also make him understand what it has meant to be a Negro living in the United States for the past 300 years. He makes you squirm by letting you feel how it is to be on the receiving end of racial hate.

Here, on a single April weekend, in a rush of events, the personal struggle to overcome whatever prejudices one had inherited from one's past did not seem to matter any more. Apparently, there was no further need in race relations for persons of "good will"—either white or black. To black power leaders and followers the new logic was stunningly simple: black was right and white was wrong. Rap Brown and Stokely Carmichael had been saying it, and now Harry Edwards was saying it, and it seemed that students at the conference were ready to begin saying it. For as we walked out the door of Magoffin Auditorium after the final meeting, we were as separate as two races could be. We did not speak, and there was a cool margin of space between us as we passed in the aisles. Trust, hope, patience, reasonableness—the old virtues which used to characterize human beings as they struggled toward improvement—had suddenly gone out of style.

Thus it was Edwards, not Gregory, who finally set the tone of the conference, who, as one white listener remarked, "lambasted the white devils, yet in doing so sounded exactly like a white Southern racist talking about Negroes." Edwards came across in his talks as a very effective hater; a knowledgeable, articulate and intelligent speaker who did not mind misusing facts in order to make his points; a demagogue.

Dick Gregory, looking deceptively mild on the forty-fourth day of his fast, gave vent to bitterness and anger. Yet he seemed approachable, reasonable. "I love being a revolutionary," he said in his talk, but in stating this he gave the impression that it was revolution, and revolution only, that he wanted—a change from the present white-dominated system. In contrast, when Edwards spoke of revolution it seemed that what he was really talking about was revenge.

The conference had begun routinely enough. Alex Sutton, chairman of the United Afro-American student organization at UTEP which was co-sponsoring the conference with the student association, made the opening address. Speaking of the black student in college, Sutton made a point that was stressed throughout the conference: *all* black students, not just black athletes, must achieve recognition on the campus. The black athlete is no longer the hero of the blacks, he said.

While the delegates went into discussion groups, El Paso newsmen got their first look at Edwards, who had by then arrived and called a news conference in the student union building. Harvey Pendleton, the UTEP student who introduced the visitor, immediately set reporters' teeth on edge by brusquely announcing: "You will address Mr. Edwards as Professor Edwards, not by 'Harry' or any other name."

Edwards, dressed in a tan suit, black turtle-neck sweater, dark glasses and black cap, sat at the end of a long conference table and rifled out his statements. "Americans have buried their last Martin Luther King," he said. "From now on it's going to be a life for a life, a head for a head, a leader for a leader. . . . You can forget about nonviolence."

He said that all minority groups in this country are victims of white "cracker" oppression and should form a united front to put the whites out. "All minority groups are fighting the same enemy."

A representative of the Mexican press asked about the Olympic games boycott. Edwards replied: "We are not interested in trying to scuttle the games; we are interested in the survival of the black race." He referred to Negro athletes who were going to the games as "Olympic niggers." He said that "every major college is a white nationalist institution; all black athletes catch hell." (Although it has been rumored that Negro athletes at UTEP are told not to date white coeds if they wish to keep their athletic scholarships, no specific charge of racial discrimination has yet been made against UTEP—the school that won the 1966 NCAA basketball championship with five starting Negro players.)

During the afternoon session of the conference, panelists spoke on Afro-American contributions to the arts. Edwards talked briefly—just long enough to set down Jesse Owens, Joe Louis and Willie Mays as being Uncle Toms and to denounce the Olympic games as a "racist political platform." (Edwards himself was a track and basketball star while an undergraduate at San Jose State.)

Ann Holder, the only white panelist, spoke on the need of young blacks in the United States to "reflect their changing society" through the dance. She felt that Anglo-Saxons have forgotten how to dance. Lucy Edwards, an El Paso lawyer, traced Negro contributions to literature; and Dr. Eugene Grigsby, professor of art at Arizona State University, told how necessary it was now for black artists to "show the black how beautiful he is."

Then Dick Gregory, who had been sitting on a stool and listening to the speakers, sidled over for his turn at the microphone and gave a masterful performance. Using his soft, rich voice like a velvet cane, he casually rapped the audience's sensibilities, conscience and funny bone as he attacked The System—the white-controlled power structure which, he said, has made blacks ("niggahs," in his word) scapegoats of society. "I don't hate white people, ba-by," he said; "I hate their *sys*-tem."

He said he hoped whites would watch the coming black revolution on their television sets. As they watch, Gregory said, they should be reading a copy of the Declaration of Independence—"the part which states that whenever a government becomes destructive of people's inalienable rights, it's the right of the people to *destroy* that nation."

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(In fact, the preamble to the Declaration speaks of abolishing governments, which is not the same thing as destroying nations.)

Gregory pointed out the inconsistent views that white Americans take toward the matter of violence. According to the whites, Gregory said, it is all right for the United States—in the name of justice—to burn and destroy in a country 12,000 miles away; yet to these same whites it is not all right for black people—in the name of justice—to commit acts of violence here at home. "Why, ba-by, if the whites were suddenly put where the black people are now, they wouldn't stand for it; they'd burn this country down in an hour."

Gregory spoke of Martin Luther King: "He led a beautiful army"; and of today's young black people: "They do not have hungry stomachs, as their parents did thirty years ago; they have hungry minds." And he became eloquent when he asked that his visitors "please understand nature." Drawing a parallel between forgotten, neglected black people in ghettos and "dirty, oily rags," Gregory said that if you put these rags in a closet and went away and forgot them, one hot summer day you would get spontaneous combustion. "And it won't matter if you stand there with a gun or put a tank outside the closet door: that closet is still going to catch on fire. Nature *reacts,*" he said.

The disturbing thing about Harry Edwards' "off-the-cuff chat" Saturday night was that when he was right in evaluating men and events, he seemed absolutely right —and when he was wrong he seemed absolutely wrong. He appeared to be both brilliant and blind, and thus very much like a young Samson, capable of pulling the temple of American society down upon himself (and his people) as well as upon the white Philistines.

According to Edwards, "Lynch'em Baines Johnson is a racist devil because he once shook hands with Senator Eastland of Mississippi." "Dishonorable Hubert H. Humphrey" is a racist devil because he once shook hands with "Ax-Handle Maddox" of Georgia. He condemned Lincoln, Washington and Jefferson as "racists."

Yet Edwards was on solid ground whenever he described the problems and fears of black people in the United States. "Blacks have been excluded from everything meaningful in this white-structured society," he said. "They have been forced to behave in a superhuman way —afraid or unwilling even to admit that their real feelings exist."

However, the familiar American picture of the "laughing, patient, giggling black man scratching his head" has changed, he said, and he went on to stress that "we must make the philosophical concept of black spread around the world. . . . We have no stake in a Negro past; we must think in terms of a black future—or there will be no future for anyone."

The message that Edwards got across to the students was that "the older generation, both black and white, is too corrupt to bring about any change. . . . There is no way to vote our way out, or march our way out, or sing our way out of this problem." Edwards mentioned that Rap Brown is 24, Stokely Carmichael 26. and that he is 25. "The young have not yet been corrupted by the system —a system that neither has the desire or the capacity to deal with the problems of 30 million black people."

In his closing remarks Edwards said: "Whites cannot get into the black community any more; if there are whites who want to help, they must go into their *own* communities now because the white folks are the trouble, not the black." He said that black students must make readers of future history books realize that a "very frustrated, very lonely generation of black students passed this way."

The conference ended, unexpectedly, on Saturday night instead of lasting through Sunday noon. Dr. Ted Windt, the white faculty adviser of the UTEP Afro-American group, had been scheduled to speak on "The Rhetoric of Revolutions," but due to the hostile mood created by Edwards' final speech he decided that in the best interests of the conference he should cancel.

It is too soon to judge what the real effects of the conference will be. At least two members of the Afro-American organization have resigned in protest against the anti-white stance taken by the group after the conference ended. On the other hand, seven black athletes—including Bob Beamon, who holds the world's indoor record in the broad jump—issued a statement of their intention not to participate in a track meet scheduled to be held at Provo, Utah, during the Easter weekend.

And there is this to consider: Despite the despair felt by whites and the hostility shown by most blacks at the conference, nothing burned in El Paso the night after

Abu, The Tribune (London): Ben Roth

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Harry Edwards and Dick Gregory spoke. Perhaps the most convincing argument that Dr. Windt, a self-styled nonviolent revolutionary, can present to UTEP officials in requesting future black student conferences is that words are better than fire. "This meeting was a microcosm reflecting the mood of the nation as a whole," says Dr. Windt. "And no matter how repugnant this kind of open display of black feeling is to white people and to the white power structure, as long as it is a genuine expression of pent-up hate and frustration, then it is desirable."

Dr. Windt feels that both whites and blacks need to have the courage to love. "White Americans just don't know 'how it is.' They ask, in effect, 'Why don't Negroes love us? Look at what we've done for them—all those civil rights bills we've passed.' Well, blacks cannot be expected to love us because—let's face it—we have never loved them. It's as Dick Gregory said, whites have taught blacks how to hate, and the blacks have learned their lesson well. . . . We must love them, and ask that they have the courage to love us *despite*—despite our own past acts of violence against them. It's our only hope."

TRUDEAU OF CANADA

A MAN TO HOLD QUEBEC

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Winnipeg

One hundred years after Confederation, Canada finds itself a painfully divided society. The most bitter and explosive division is racial—between the two founding peoples of modern Canada, the French and the English. The other major division, less crystallized but equally profound, involves Canada's very survival as a nation independent of the United States. These issues have erupted before in Canada's brief history, but not since the days before Confederation has the future of the country seemed so uncertain.

In this context of crisis the April leadership convention of the Liberal Party elected a new leader of the Liberal Party and a new Prime Minister of Canada—Pierre Elliot Trudeau. The election was occasioned by the resignation of Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson.

Trudeau's name will not be familiar to many Americans; indeed, a month before the election it was known to only a small minority of Canadians. This meteorlike rise to the Prime Ministership can be explained partly by Trudeau's incredible electoral appeal—he is a man of wit, intellect and culture. He possesses remarkable powers of communication. His casual, detached, dispassionate manner, his grace, gaiety and modernity offered Canadians the kind of political leadership they seem to have been yearning for through the 1960s.

But the Trudeau phenomenon can be only partly defined in terms of image and style. Norman Mailer once wrote (erringly, I believe) of John F. Kennedy: "In this time of crisis he is able to perform the indispensable psychic act of a leader; he takes our national anxieties, so long buried, and releases them to the surface where they belong." Pierre Elliot Trudeau was chosen Prime Minister of Canada because it was believed that he alone could confront the issue of national unity head-on and bring about an accommodation between the French and the English within the existing federal political structure.

The Canadian obsession with national unity and the meaning of the term in its Canadian context is not widely understood in the United States. It goes back to the time of the British conquest of New France (Canada) in 1763. The British conquerors expected that the small colony of Catholic Frenchmen would easily be absorbed into Protestant-English North America, thus losing its separate identity. That this did not occur can be attributed to the fact that the British rulers found their authority being challenged by immigrants from the United States and overseas. To defeat the liberal republican sentiments of the new arrivals, the British were forced to seek an alliance with the conservative French-Canadian elite. The price of French-Canadian support was legal recognition of the French fact in Canada, the bolstering of the Catholic Church, retention of French civil law and the old system of feudal tenure, and of course official use of the French language. Well into the 19th century, the French-Canadian community was still the largest language and cultural group in Canada. These agreements guaranteed its survival.

But with the conquest, Canada became attached to the British imperial trading system rather than to France, and the shift destroyed the French merchants of Montreal. The decline of French merchants, civil servants and soldiers meant that the predominant French population became an almost strictly rural community rooted in the past. All economic activity except agriculture was controlled by English-Canadians and foreigners. French Canada survived as a separate society by a collective withdrawal into the past and by deliberate measures to minimize external influence. Only the French-Canadian elite had any contact with English Canada and the central government in Ottawa. The bulk of the French population was concentrated in the province of Quebec, where they comprised the overwhelming majority; those brave enough to venture outside of Quebec were gradually absorbed into English-Canadian society. French Canada was ghettoized inside Quebec.

The power elite within French-Canadian society has always been the Catholic Church and the political oligarchy in Quebec City. Together they made whatever deals were necessary to maintain their own positions of influence

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and wealth. Quebec politicians used the French-Canadian survival mentality as a tool for retarding social and economic progress. No other group in Canada has suffered such extremes of poverty and illiteracy; no other provincial government has been so consistently corrupt and unresponsive to the needs of its constituents; no other government has cooperated so closely with business to destroy the trade union movement. In all of this the Church was a strategic ally of the state. So long as Church and state could keep Quebec in the 17th century their paternalistic, irresponsible rule was safe.

Quebec entered the 20th century after World War II. The spread of industrialization produced the inevitable exodus from the countryside. The mass media, especially television, brought the ordinary French-Canadian in contact with the outside world. The gross contradiction between the new economic base and the traditional political and cultural structure made the demands for internal change irresistible. The fascistic Union Nationale government was finally defeated in 1960, and a reform-minded Liberal government took office. It inaugurated what has become known as The Quiet Revolution.

The Quiet Revolution meant many things—the modernization of public administration, the elimination of pork-barrel politics, the introduction of new welfare programs. But above all it has meant the spread of education and the creation of a new class of young French-Canadians who believed that they now have the skills and the training to manage their own affairs. They demanded a place for themselves in industry and government. It soon became obvious that the French-Canadian sector of the economy was too narrow to absorb them; the Quiet Revolution had to become more aggressive, to move into fields long monopolized by English-speaking Canadians and foreigners.

Other currents influenced the tone of Quebec politics. With the disintegration of the old protective umbrella of rural isolationism, and with the weakening hold of the Catholic Church, there developed a closer identification between Quebec and Canada as a whole. French-Canadian survival seemed to depend more than ever on the government of Quebec. Without the massive presence of the state in everyday affairs, it was genuinely felt, French Canada would be swallowed up by the surrounding North American homogeneity.

Events outside of Canada also made an impact. French-Canadian intellectuals saw former colonies gaining their independence and taking their places in the United Nations. They wondered why Quebec too should not invoke the doctrine of self-determination and seek fuller or even complete self-government. Still imbued with many of the complexes of a conquered people, bitterly resenting the forced conscription in two World Wars and the continuing overbearing presence of *les Anglais,* French-Canadian nationalism took on a new order of importance.

The slogan of the Quiet Revolution became *Maître Chez Nous* (master of our own house) and the Quebec government program began to reflect this surge of nationalism. Quebec Hydro was nationalized. This act had some economic justification, but its popularity was more likely based on the new job opportunities it provided French-Canadians. The Quebec government withdrew from federal schemes for provincial welfare and took full local control of such projects. But the Liberal government of Quebec was not moving ahead fast enough for some tastes, and various separatist groupings popped up, one of them terrorist. Due largely to its own arrogance, the Liberal government was defeated in 1966 and replaced by the Union Nationale. Further social progress came to a standstill, but the Union Nationale government, like its predecessor, demanded more and more fiscal authority and the right to move into areas long monopolized by the central government. The Quebec government is asking for a special status for Quebec. Insisting that Quebec is not a province like all the others but the homeland of the French-Canadian nation, the Union Nationale and with it the Quebec Liberal Party and the major journals of opinion, demand jurisdictions for Quebec that are not allowed other provinces.

These demands are generally unacceptable to English-Canadians. The existence of a distinct French-Canadian society comprising 30 per cent of the total population is simply not recognized outside of Quebec. Most English-Canadians regard French-Canadians as just one of many ethnic groups, like the Ukrainians, Germans and Italians, and do not see why French-Canadians should be treated differently from these other minorities. Neither do they see why Quebec should be granted powers not available to other provincial governments. The novelist Hugh Maclennan once described French and English Canada as two solitudes. French-Canadians may regard Quebec City, not Ottawa, as their national capital; they do not understand and they resent English Canada but they are very well aware of its existence; it is all too present in their everyday affairs. But for English-Canadians there is only one Canada, one nation, one national government. They are not aware of French Canada as a distinct nation; they will not recognize it and they insist that it is some kind of hoax being perpetuated by power-hungry politicians. Until the terror bombings in the early 1960s, Quebec was regarded by English-Canadians, if at all, as their own native museum.

The now infamous *Vive Québec Libre* speech of Charles de Gaulle focused international attention on Quebec's struggle for autonomy. But the most decisive event of recent months occurred when René Levesque, one of the chief architects of the Quiet Revolution, left the Quebec Liberal Party and began organizing his own sovereignty movement. Levesque became convinced that English Canada was not going to give a special status to Quebec; or alternatively, that by the time a special status for Quebec had evolved, French Canada would have disappeared.

Until Levesque's defection, the separatist movement lacked credibility, but Levesque is unquestionably the single most popular political figure in Quebec. Over the years, as journalist, broadcaster and politician he has en *the* champion of the working class. It was Levesque who led the opposition against Maurice Duplessis and his Union Nationale government; in office, it was Levesque

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who pushed through the nationalization of Quebec Hydro, who won for public employees the right to strike, and it was Levesque who led the campaign to sweep out the graft in provincial politics.

If anyone can sell separatism it is Levesque. Only a few months have passed since the inception of his organization. But he has already surpassed all of his rivals and has absorbed most of them. It will not be easy for Levesque to persuade the Quebecois to follow him; colonial attitudes run deep, and traditional French-Canadian timidity will not predispose these people to radical solutions. Aside from his own popularity, however, Levesque does have some political advantages. Unlike the other separatist leaders, he appeals to reason as well as to emotion. His solution is not couched in the language of separatism, a word that still scares most French-Canadians. French-Canadians are nationalists but most of them are afraid of the economic effect of isolation. Levesque avoids the use of the term "separatism" and talks instead of "sovereignty" and creating a common market with English Canada. He insists that, however much English Canada would oppose "a sovereign Quebec," it would not be in its economic interests to reject a common-market arrangement.

With Levesque and his cohorts out of the Quebec Liberal Party, that party has already turned to the Right. There is today no party of the Left in Quebec politics, an opening which Levesque expects to fill. His party will be one of social reform as well as of sovereignty and the vast poverty of Quebec should no doubt add to his electoral appeal. Levesque is desperately trying to avoid the label of a Quebec Fidel Castro. He knows that an aroused United States would only jeopardize his chances of winning electoral office. This explains his moderate tones in interviews on American TV and in American magazines. He is quiet about Vietnam and eager to point out that American property rights in Quebec would be guaranteed. (When I suggested that this sounded very much like a banana republic, he was understandably irate.)

Levesque expects 25 per cent of the electorate to vote for him in the next provincial election, and within five years he expects a solid majority. A referendum on Quebec independence would then follow. Levesque's obvious impact among the Quebecois has pushed the provincial premier (Daniel Johnson) further and further in the demands he is making of Ottawa.

It is no coincidence that at this precise moment Pierre Elliot Trudeau was approached to run as a candidate for the Prime Ministership of Canada. Trudeau had joined the Liberal Party only in 1965. He ran for Parliament (interestingly enough in a posh English-speaking Montreal constituency) and within months was elevated to the post of Minister of Justice.

Trudeau is a 47-year-old bachelor, son of a wealthy Montreal oil merchant. Until the age of 30, he was a roaming student and world-wide adventurer, known as much for his pranks and athletic exploits (he is an accomplished skier, boxer, high diver, swimmer, canoeist) as for his intellect. Trudeau returned to Canada in 1950 and founded the magazine *Cité Libre*. Its circulation was scarcely more than 1,000 copies a month, but it had a profound influence on Quebec intellectuals in their battle against the Union Nationale regime of Maurice Duplessis. In the 1960s Trudeau taught constitutional law at the University of Montreal.

Trudeau was among those Canadians who actively worked against Canada's acceptance of American nuclear weapons. In 1963 he wrote for *Cité Libre* a brilliantly cutting article condemning Mr. Pearson and the Liberal Party (then in opposition) for revising their position on this issue. The article noted that the U. S. State Department had decided that Prime Minister Diefenbaker had to go; he had defied the United States once too often. He was selling wheat to China and dealing with Cuba. During the Cuban missile crisis he had had the gall to wait three days before placing Canadian squadrons on the alert. He was blatantly hostile to Washington, if only in speech and in token actions. To quote Mr. Trudeau:

> The circumstances were such that the blow had to come from the Pentagon and that Mr. Pearson had to betray the programme of his party, as well as the principles with which he had consistently identified himself.
>
> The bagmen promised that funds would be forthcoming.
>
> The polls showed that a pro-nuclear party would not lose votes.
>
> Power beckoned to Mr. Pearson.
>
> He had nothing to lose but honor.
>
> He lost it.
>
> His whole party lost it, too.

Two years later, Trudeau had joined this "spineless Liberal herd," as he had then described them. Could it then be said of him, as he said of them: "There is not one single man remaining in the Party for whom principle means more than power"? Perhaps; but there is another, more generous explanation.

By 1965 it had become clear that French-Canadian political leaders and intellectuals were not content with liberal democracy, not satisfied with making Quebec a province like all the others. In 1962 an election had occurred in which *Maître Chez Nous* was the only slogan of importance. In 1963 the Liberation Front of Quebec mounted a reign of terror in Montreal. Daniel Johnson was soon calling for "the alliance of two communities with equal rights to self-determination." The Liberal premier, Jean Lesage, declared that "Canada was in its hour of decision," and René Levesque that "there must be a new Canada within five years or Quebec will quit Confederation."

Pierre Elliot Trudeau was alarmed by this nationalist aggressiveness. He condemns all nationalisms as reactionary. Above all else, he is a man who believes in balance. In the 1950s he fought against the authoritarianism of Duplessis. What was important was not so much the direction of reform, but democracy per se. At the same time, he supported provincial autonomy against the inroads of the federal government in education and welfare, matters reserved by the Canadian Constitution for the provincial authorities. "In 1965," he said in his first post-victory press conference, "we decided to exert pressure at the opposite end of the scale—we believed that

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Quebec nationalism had led to all sorts of excesses, notably separatism."

Trudeau believes fervently in a federalist political structure. He has argued that it permits Quebec to do all that is necessary to preserve French-Canadian culture in North America. It already gives the provinces jurisdiction over education, social and labor legislation, property and civil rights, the administration of justice and natural resources. "Special status" for Quebec or a "sovereign" Quebec may be to the advantage of certain privileged groups, Trudeau has argued, but it would have a disastrous effect on the standard of living of the working people, would condemn the French-Canadians outside Quebec to complete cultural absorption, and would ossify the French language and culture in Quebec.

It was for this reason that he joined the Liberal Party, despite his previous criticisms. He was always the ideological dilettante, and his career has shown him to be much more the political pragmatist than the radical. It was with great ease, therefore, that he could give up his flirtation with socialism. Federalism was in danger, and as he himself has written: "In spite of everything it [the Liberal Party] advocated an open federal system, and that was what attracted me to it."

To preserve the federal system, Trudeau understands what he must do. He must persuade French-Canadians that Canada is their homeland, Ottawa their capital. Whether his program can succeed is another matter. It focuses upon linguistic rights of French-Canadians outside Quebec—offering them public school instruction in the French language and bilingualizing the public offices and legislatures in Ottawa and the provinces. These linguistic rights, he hopes, will make it possible for French-Canadians to participate in Canada as *French Canadians,* regardless of where they live.

Even if English Canada can be persuaded to offer these concessions, however, the viability of French Canada outside Quebec is open to question. It seems highly unlikely that a minority culture and language can survive within small enclaves. Unless it becomes thoroughly embedded in the general environment so that French is spoken by everyone, there will be little incentive for families of French-Canadian descent to maintain their cultural and linguistic ties. To the contrary, the incentives to become fully absorbed in the majority culture will remain overwhelming.

One other drawback to Trudeau's campaign is that he is almost unknown in Quebec. As Prime Minister, he will be in a good position to promote himself and his ideas, but he will need help. As of now he has no organizational base in Quebec; even the Quebec Liberal Party opposes his program. He will either have to work over the heads of the provincial party or engineer an internal revolt.

Ultimately, the social conflict will boil down to a struggle between Trudeau and René Levesque. Trudeau was chosen Prime Minister because it was felt that he alone could and would confront Quebec, call its bluff and force French-Canadian nationalists to withdraw. The odds that he will succeed are not particularly good.

Aside from efforts to maintain the federal political structure, what will a Trudeau government do? Any

Jones, The Telegram (Toronto): Ben Roth

Pierre Elliot Trudeau

Prime Minister who is leader of the Liberal Party operates under severe restraints. The Liberal Party attracts a wide spectrum of the popular vote, but it is the party of big business. In fact, Trudeau would never have been elected leader had he not received support from certain key establishment figures within the party. Such support was necessary, however, to counter Trudeau's radical and unconventional image, not his views. If anything, Trudeau's politics can be described as conservative. He has announced that the recently passed medicare program will be the last universal welfare scheme; that he would place a means test on all future welfare programs; that what is supremely important is increasing per capita income; that he rejects the massive Carter report on taxation which calls for a capital gains tax, the removal of depletion allowances and various other tax privileges now enjoyed by special interest groups. Only in the area of civil liberties —divorce and abortion laws and the like—can Trudeau be called a liberal.

To those on the Canadian Left, what is most disturbing about Trudeau are his views on Canada's relationship to the United States. Of all the candidates for the leadership, and there were some that had always enjoyed close business associations with giant American corporations, Trudeau was the one most eager for a closer, economic, political and military relationship with the United States. He has said that it is his intention to pull Canadian troops out of NATO and concentrate Canadian military spending on a continent-wide system of defense with the United States. This would probably mean Canadian participation in the anti-ballistic-missile system. He has said almost nothing about Vietnam and repudiates any policy that would stop the flow of arms from Canada to the United States for use in Southeast Asia. He repeatedly emphasizes Canada's dependence on the United States, which leads

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him to conclude that Canada must do nothing to antagonize its neighbor.

Trudeau specifically rejects economic nationalism. He has refused to endorse the Watkins report on foreign ownership, an important study commissioned by the government one year ago. The Watkins report called attention to some of the enormous costs of foreign ownership and especially to its infringements on Canadian political sovereignty. It advocates a minimum legislative program whose purpose is not to reduce foreign ownership but to better insure that it serves Canadian national interests. Like every other candidate in the leadership role, Trudeau insisted that American subsidiaries must act as good corporate citizens of Canada, and along with the others, he refused to discuss how this was to come about. At best, he may agree with the Watkins report recommendation that foreign subsidiaries should supply more information about their operations.

The new Prime Minister's accommodating attitude to the United States is entirely consistent with his views on federalism. In the Canadian context federalism has meant strong provincial governments and a weak central government. Trudeau favors this arrangement and is convinced that even greater provincial autonomy will naturally evolve. While federalist structures may have their attractions, they can hardly be said to provide a political instrument that can deal effectively with foreign economic and political domination. A strong central government, on the other hand, is incompatible with Quebec's demands for greater autonomy—unless Quebec is granted special status or becomes an associate state. The latter arrangement would permit two strong central governments, one in Ottawa and one in Quebec City. Trudeau will have none of this. Fortunately for him, the problem of American economic and political domination is not uppermost in his mind.

It is hard to summarize the Trudeau phenomenon. I can do no better than to quote the dean of Canadian political science, Prof. Paul Fox:

> There is nothing more attractive to a Liberal—in fact, to all Canadians—than to be titillated into voting for a radical when deep down they are comforted by the assurance that he is a conservative. It is Canada's answer to the dilemma of democratic politics.

HUBERT HUMPHREY

SPEAKING IN TONGUES

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

On May 22, 1965, at the very hour when President Johnson was meeting with military advisers in the White House to discuss the merits of blockading the coast of South Vietnam, Hubert Horatio Humphrey was in New York City being inducted as a full-scale, bona fide member of the Girl Scouts. At the conclusion of that ceremony he rubbed his hands together and exclaimed, "Well, gee! I'm just delighted. Just wait until I get back to Washington and tell the President about this!"

To many liberals who would like to think that Humphrey is a different kind of political creature from Lyndon Baines Johnson, the booted and spurred wheeler-dealer, such episodes are treasured like pressed flower petals between the pages of their Book of the Hours. *This,* they say, is the great old Hubert they once knew and relied on. A changed man now, they lament, "a hatchet man," as *The Progressive* magazine put it; "the betrayer of the liberal movement," in the indignant words of Alfred Kazin and Irving Howe. But wiser men, or wilier men, know better. "What nonsense it is," said UN Ambassador Arthur Goldberg, "to suggest that my old friend Hubert Humphrey has changed."

He has not changed at all, and he is deceptively plain. He lives in his own elm-lined, homogenized world. His idea of attaining dignity was illustrated a month after he became Vice President when he gave a fraternity house the nickle-plated nickelodeon that had been part of his household furniture. His mastery of that most typically American humor, the self-depreciating wisecrack (Friend: "Hey, Hubert, you're becoming a myth!" Humphrey: "Yeah, a myth-fit"), has increased under the adversity of office. "Daniel Webster [he likes to say] refused this high honor, saying, 'I do not propose to be buried until I'm really dead and in a coffin.' But not Hubert Humphrey."

Humphrey has always been a jolly, decent sort of fellow; he has always stood for a reasonably fixed code of fair play (although he has broken that code at several important junctions in his life, occasions which won him wide acknowledgment as a "practical" politician). It pains him to see anybody hungry or homeless, and he hopes that someday the government can do something to relieve such destitution—after it has first beaten back communism around the world. He laments the fact that Negroes are killed or otherwise mistreated, but he thinks the government has gone about as far as it should go in legislating civil rights. He believes that sanity lies in disarmament, but only from a "position of strength." In short, Hubert Humphrey is a good, an authentic American.

In some of his responses to life, he is soft and pliable almost to the point of womanliness, and some of his remarks seem to indicate that he sees himself in this way. "I'm Lyndon Johnson's Eleanor Roosevelt," he once said

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to delegates of an American Newspaper Guild convention. "She used to get out and see and tell her great husband what was going on in the country. That's what I do for the President." On several other occasions he has likened the President-Vice President relationship to a "marriage with no divorce" and himself to the "wife." During the period when Johnson was going through the rigmarole of "looking" for a running mate in 1964, he frequently consulted with Humphrey, who recalls it in these romantic terms: "He discussed every move and thought with me as if nothing could interest me less personally. It's like a guy calling the girl next door—who he knows is madly in love with him—to ask the phone number of the newest broad in town."

Johnson once said of Humphrey that "he gets a lot of emotion into his work. . . . Hubert can cry pretty good over something." Indeed he can. He weeps easily. His close friends, who would prefer that he not be under the domination of Lyndon Johnson, insist that he cries more commonly these days than ever, one friend explaining "he's being torn apart." But tears have always been readily available, for both unimportant and tragic occasions, and for little disappointments and peeves. He wept in 1956 when he was by-passed for the Vice Presidential nomination by the Democratic National Convention. He wept at his campaign headquarters on the night in 1960 when it was clear that John F. Kennedy had just drubbed him in the West Virginia primary. On a recent tour of Asia, he became so overwrought while touring a hospital where GIs from Vietnam were being treated that the reporters were asked not to follow him. Shortly after returning from a tour of Europe, he spoke to a group of Jewish women in Atlanta, and in the midst of his speech he announced, "My heart is just broken because the press shows Europe the wrong side of this country." And he began to weep. Tears come just as fast, however, for no reason other than that the day has been exhausting. It is not rare for him to end a difficult newspaper interview with sobs.

While this softer side of Humphrey appeals to many people, it irritates others because it contrasts sharply with certain policies he supports, such as the war in Vietnam. Alfred Kazin very likely had the tearful Humphrey in mind when he angrily accused him of engaging in militant behavior "to prove your masculinity."

The weeping hawk also offends an old friend like Murray Kempton, to whom the Vice President is now not only beyond mercy but also beneath contempt as a political antagonist:

> It is cruel and inhuman to picket Hubert Humphrey, to get up and leave the room when he rises to speak, to slip, as two young people did, into a hotel to cry "murderer" at him. It is even cruel and inhuman to comment upon him with polite detachment. For the Vice President of the United States bleeds from the smallest pebble shied his way by the feeblest wrist. An admonitory pat can break a bone.

While it is easy to feel disgust for Humphrey, it is difficult to be angry with him. After a political party meeting in Minneapolis, at which Humphrey presided, Ben DuBois, who used to be national secretary of the Independent Bankers Association, went to Humphrey and said: "You conducted yourself very undemocratically and terribly at this meeting. Furthermore, Hubert, you talk too goddamn much." Hubert shook his hand, gripped him on the shoulder and said, "Ben, you're absolutely right." Humphrey's long-time political foe, former Minnesota Governor Elmer Benson, said he once criticized Humphrey harshly in public, "and after the meeting he came over and shook hands with me and said: 'Elmer, I want to thank you very much for calling my attention to it.' That's his style—the guy is fantastic. How can you argue with a man who agrees with you?"

In 1929, just before the market crash, Humphrey's father took him from their home in Doland, S. Dak., to the University of Minnesota for his first abortive try at a college education, and let him out of the Model A with the advice: "Good-bye. Good luck. Grow up." In a sometimes appealing way, Humphrey never did. He is still the friendly fat kid on the block. The time-honored test of politicians, brought to a climax in the career of Richard Nixon ("Would you buy a used car from this man?"), is passed easily by Humphrey. And if the next morning your HHH used car refused to start, Hubert would cheerfully

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drive across town to give you a shove, and he would do it in such swell style that instead of fussing about being cheated you would drive off saying nice things about the neighborliness of that pudgy huckster.

In his four years as Mayor of Minneapolis Humphrey made 4,000 speeches, or an average of nearly three a day, counting Sundays. During his fifteen years in the Senate he introduced nearly 1,500 bills and resolutions—a fantastic total for any man. He babbles and exhorts and overextends himself and demeans himself to make even a most simple point. Rather proudly, Humphrey admits that he talks too much, and he puts it down to "glands," but one may be tempted to attribute it instead to a hangover from the old days when he was a know-it-all kid entertaining the yokels in his dad's drug stores in Doland and Huron, S. Dak., and later in haranguing the Minneapolis Jaycees. Glib, arrogant, everlastingly front and center, Humphrey at first repelled and offended Washington ("I had looked forward to meeting Humphrey," one White House official recalls of those early days, "but my first impression of him was terrible. He was all blather. He bragged endlessly about being Mayor. He acted like he had come to Washington to take over"), and to Humphrey's credit, he knew it. Until he crusted over this side of his character and began to be accepted, he was miserable. But the crust has for several years now been wearing rather thin.

When he first came to Washington Humphrey was described by one writer as "too cocky, too slick, too shallow, too ambitious, a brain-picker rather than a scholar, clever without being wise." He improved with age; he is no longer too cocky or too slick. He is more of a brain-picker than ever, but what politician in Washington isn't? As for his shallowness, this is a treacherous measure of any man, and especially is it a treacherous measure of Humphrey. He *is* shallow, in that he spreads himself too thin, over too many topics. But all these thin layers are laminated into a rather imposing depth. In a typical week during his Senate career, Humphrey took the floor to discuss—among many other topics—the migratory bird-hunting stamp, the armed forces chess tourney, dairy reports, disaster loans, disarmament, domestic economy, price supports, consumer problems, trade development, antitrust laws, the public debt, the North African policy, the trickery of Richard Nixon, the stupidity of Harold Stassen, passports, French politics, international civil aviation, Lithuanian independence, captive nations, the wildflowers of the Northwest, and the need for more office space. He can talk with journeyman information on just about any topic of importance now before Washington, and this has been true during most of the past two decades. His memory does it. It is a vacuum file cabinet. When he was in pharmacy school, before going to work in his father's drug store during the depression, he learned by heart all the drugs, all their Latin names, all the prescribed dosages listed in the druggists' *Pharmacopaeia.* It was a feat comparable to memorizing all the words and definitions in an abridged dictionary.

Twenty years ago one of his aides was quoted as saying of him: "The trouble with Humphrey is he never takes time out. He's never alone with himself. If the guy would only sit down with himself and say, 'What am I all about?' But he's afraid to ask himself that question." He still is.

Not even the men who know Humphrey best can agree on his depth or on his endurance. Even from those who praise him for his broad grasp of topics one often detects a questioning note. Sen. J. William Fulbright, who sat with Humphrey for years on the Foreign Relations Committee and was in his social group, draws back cautiously a moment after beginning his praise:

> Hubert could talk on any subject at any length. He had sympathy for everybody. He was interested in everything—and everything equally. He was fun to have around. He was friendly as a pup. Everybody in the Senate tried to accommodate him—if it was convenient. [*Here Fulbright paused reflectively.*] I don't remember his being terribly effective. I don't remember his name being associated with anything much, unless perhaps it was civil rights. [How about disarmament?] Oh, he was interested in that for a while, but then he seemed to drop it.

The seas of his Senatorial rhetoric were often so choppy that it was hard to take a sounding. Emphasizing evangelism over logic, his speeches in the Senate were regularly larded with references to the "spirit of the Lord" and "a heavenly reward" and scriptural quotes. After he ascended to the Vice Presidency his speech writers usually forced him to restrain himself from neo-fundamentalisms. Not for him are the agricultural intellectualisms of a Henry Wallace. "The ever-normal granary" and such concepts are for hayseed philosophers, not for Humphrey; he copes with food and farm problems, as he does with most problems, on a tearful, emotional level. The foreign aid-supported wheat program he has touted since coming to Washington has brought millions of dollars to his region, but he has seldom talked about it in those terms. Usually, in his holiness style, he has approached it as a chance for a greedy America to repent of its sins and feed the starvin' heathen. "I say we are immoral!" (This is from one of his early speeches, January 5, 1950, but the tone was constant throughout most of his Senate career.) "We are almost anti-Christian! We ought to get down on our knees and pray to God to forgive us for our sins, for here on the Eastern coast of our land are Liberty ships, 10,000-ton freighters, loaded with wheat which the Commodity Credit Corporation has purchased, and the wheat is rotting. The wheat is stored up, and here are people in India dying of hunger, with the Communists on top of them, with their government almost tottering. And what are we doing? . . ." Etc. Later he admitted he might have been wrong about the wheat rotting—but he felt that that was a liberty not to be held against a good sermon—and he did not retract his judgment of our sins, as in fact he was right in not doing. The appeals to send U.S. farm surpluses to India and Pakistan were the first step toward the Food for Peace program, which today accounts for half of all nonmilitary foreign aid.

And yet, here again, there is no stability to Humphrey's view. Very often stressing that hunger breeds communism, he will nevertheless agree with people who hold just the opposite. On June 6, 1956, he was touting in the Senate

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Ivey: Ben Roth

an article co-authored by Walter Rostow (then with M.I.T., now chief hawk in Lyndon Johnson's birdhouse) which took the position that it is a "serious misconception" that "revolt and protest are the result of hunger and poverty, and that relieving hunger and reducing poverty will therefore reduce revolutionary pressure."

On the point of his changeability, no one can speak with more knowledge (and with more tolerance) than Sen. Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania, the charming, urbane cynic who looked upon Humphrey as "a kind of father confessor" from the day Clark entered the Senate in 1956 until Humphrey left it in 1964. Sometimes it seems that just about every politician in Washington likes ol' Hubert, but few of them are his intimate friends; Clark is among the few. Thinking back to their days together in the Senate, Clark has had this to say:

> Hubert was very good, you know—and I say this not in a critical sense—Hubert's been very good about riding two or three horses at once. He was able to keep his ins with Lyndon and even some Southerners without, to my way of thinking, sacrificing his inherent liberalism or infringing in any way on my loyalty to him. Paul [Douglas] was a little suspicious of Hubert—Paul's a real Calvinist, and he felt (I didn't) that Hubert was trying too much to be all things to all people. Hubert was the leader [of the liberal coterie]. He was the guy we had to look to. He was the Whip. Sure, he was riding two or three horses, but we knew it. I realize that it's easy enough to take Hubert apart, but when you compare him to the present Whip he looks pretty good. Now, because he touches bases in a lot of places where the rest of us couldn't touch base, I think he had a pretty realistic appraisal of the art of the possible. . . .

Clark recalled that a month or two before the Democratic convention in 1964 he had a "long heart-to-heart talk with him. We were riding down from the capitol to the White House in a taxicab, and I let him have it good and hard. I said, 'I just don't think you ought to do it. You'll get yourself in a bind where you can't be yourself. Your future is in the Senate, and from the Senate possibly to the Presidency. God knows you know how I love you, but I think if you take the Vice Presidency you're just going to become a prisoner.' And he said, 'Joe, I don't care anything about being Vice President.' I believed him at the time, but of course it wasn't true. He was dying to get it." (How gullible can friends be? Everyone in Washington—except Clark, apparently—knew he was sweating to get the nomination.)

When asked if he thought the things Humphrey was saying as Vice President reflect his inner feelings, Clark responded:

"No. Maybe he's kidding himself. He has a pretty good capacity for self-delusion, self-deception. We all do. Hubert more than most."

Why would Humphrey tell him, a close friend, that he had no desire for the Vice Presidency when he obviously did covet it?

"When he was talking to me he didn't want it. When he was talking to Lyndon, he sure as hell did. Kinda like a chameleon—sometimes green, sometimes brown."

Isn't that a disastrous thing to say about a friend?

"Depends on whether you're a Calvinist or not," said Clark, smiling. "I don't know—guess I'm a little more tolerant. I'd even kid him about it. He'd just laugh. And say, 'Oh, Joe.' "

The Senate is an "oh, Joe" place. But outside the Senate many—accustomed to a different ethic and a different criterion for what is possible and perhaps even accustomed to different synonyms for friendly chameleons—are more critical of Humphrey.

In the 1966 gubernatorial campaign in Minnesota, Humphrey returned to his home grounds to help the Democratic-Farmer-Labor candidate. He went on a hedge-hopping air trip with A. M. Keith, and wherever they stopped a local dignitary would come aboard and Humphrey would welcome him and ask about his family, and at some point in the conversation Humphrey would ask him what church he belonged to. If he said, "I'm a Methodist," Humphrey would smile joyfully and say, "I'm a Methodist, too." If at the next stop the reply was "Episcopalian," then Humphrey (who is a Congregationalist) would respond, "Well, that's what I am. Glad to meet another!" He told Baptists he was a Baptist, Lutherans he was a Lutheran, etc. Keith finally took Humphrey aside and said: "Gosh, Hubert, you're going to get caught up on this. You can't tell everybody you belong to their church." Humphrey seemed to be actually puzzled. "Why not?" he asked, "I'm a Christian."

He has spent his mature life proving that he believes that the faith of a politician, like that of a Christian, covers almost all splinter concepts. He wobbles in so many directions that he has been called an opportunist. For this he has a fast answer: "What's wrong with taking advantage of the opportunities?"

Humphrey's sail has always been set to catch the slightest change in the wind. At the 1944 Democratic National Convention he was a rabid booster of Henry Wallace as Vice Presidential candidate. *The Washington Post* gave this picture: "Few who watched the Democratic convention closely will ever forget the sight of Humphrey and Barney Allen, a Red River Valley farmer, their clothes half torn off their backs and their voices gone, racing through the Chicago stadium carrying an

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American flag and a Wallace banner, begging and pleading with the delegates to support their man." Wallace's outlook changed very little in the next few years, but the policy of the United States became much sterner toward communism, and therefore by 1946 it was prudent for a politically ambitious young man, which Humphrey certainly was, to shed some of his old friendships and alliances. Humphrey dumped Wallace, calling him "totally irresponsible," and by 1948 was denouncing him as a fellow traveler.

Those who admire Humphrey as an opportunist will often praise him in disastrously friendly ways, as did columnist George Sokolsky in 1956 when he wrote, to defend Humphrey against the "radical" designation: "He is an educated man who apparently finds it possible to compromise with his knowledge and training for political advantage."

He will talk for just about any group on just about any topic, and most of his speeches support the description Johnson gave of him as "a man who prepares for a solid, thought-provoking speech by taking a deep breath." His windiness has created an encyclopedia of apocryphal tales very easy to believe; like the time a group of volunteer advisers met with him, only to be drowned in a ninety-minute monologue, so they picked up their hats, said it was obvious he didn't think he needed any advice, and quit. He has an endless catalogue of shibboleths and personal clichés, and his comments on any of the code topics are totally predictable. If he is to address a farm group, for example, he will inevitably tell of how he and his father used to vaccinate hogs during the depression. But questions relating to immediate problems, such as parity, he dodges. As a campaign orator Humphrey not only avoids even a momentary hard position, much less a permanently precise position, on any major issue; he also defends his wishy-washiness with the argument that to be forthright "would be to prove that I'm totally incompetent to handle the job." For this kind of attitude, he has been praised by Republican leader Everett Dirksen as "the professional's professional . . . the modern liberal."

The complexities of Humphrey's ethics were never more accurately muddled than in his statement to an AFL convention in Cincinnati in 1948: "Not one labor leader has asked me to sell my soul for anything I don't believe in."

The subsequent years have proved in a startling way, however, the ease with which Humphrey believes in things —as in his wavering on civil rights, and the shifting of his sympathies between labor and management as his ambitions mounted. Nothing has made his beliefs so ephemeral as the Vice Presidency. In June, 1964, Humphrey, a close student of Latin American affairs, publicly upbraided Assistant Secretary of State Thomas A. Mann for his hard line. Speaking sympathetically of Latin efforts to throw off dictatorships, Humphrey scolded Mann and other officials in this country who might be "tempted to return to less venturesome, more conventional goals, to place less emphasis on reform and more on working with the established groups to minimize political instability." Humphrey cast his sympathies with reform rather than with stability, and he warned that "We may not be able to prevent the emergence of juntas, but we can and should distinguish between dictators and democrats."

Almost exactly one year later Humphrey was privately defending Mann's hard line in support of the right wing in the Dominican Republic; and in arguments with his old friends in Americans for Democratic Action he was insisting that we had no choice but to send Marines in to establish a military dictatorship and oust the liberals.

Between the two positions, of course, Humphrey had been sworn in as Vice President.

While Humphrey has sometimes been caught lying, he has generally avoided falling into the credibility gap; his serious problem is the intelligibility gap. He says so many conflicting things, or he says the same thing in so many conflicting ways, that frequently he simply does not make sense. In 1967, for example, after visiting Japanese Premier Sato in Tokyo, Humphrey later said he hadn't mentioned the Okinawa question in their conversation. Sato, on the other hand, remembered clearly that Humphrey had told him President Johnson would be willing to discuss the future status of Okinawa. On another topic, Humphrey said he told Sato that Japan should assume more political and economic responsibility in Asia; but Sato recalled no such admonition. Very likely neither was lying; Sato was merely a victim of the Humphrey silly-putty pronouncements that cannot hold a shape.

Sato's mistake was that, whatever he thought he heard Humphrey say or not say, he took it seriously. U.S. newsmen have learned that this is, if not dangerous, at least a waste of time. Not long ago, for instance, Humphrey announced, "I haven't met a hawk in the government." Since the statement was so obviously inaccurate, no responsible member of the Washington press corps tried to decipher what he meant, nor did they feel they were being misled. It was just Humphrey worshiping existence with his tongue; it was a kind of holiness seizure as the spirit took possession of him and his lips and tongue began to move; it was pure glossolalia. And it is nothing new. Speaking to a group of foreign students eleven years ago, Humphrey ignored Franklin Roosevelt's Good Neighbor Policy and his various European treaties; ignored Woodrow Wilson's Latin American policy expressed in the invasions of Santo Domingo and Haiti and his invasion of Vera Cruz and northern Mexico, not to mention his World War I and postwar negotiations with the European powers; ignored also Theodore Roosevelt's stomping about in Asia, advocating either an Open Door or a Busted Door policy, and in the Caribbean. In short, Humphrey discarded all U.S. diplomacy and world-power maneuvering of the past to tell these students: "We have only had since 1945 to put together a foreign policy. Other countries have had centuries. But until World War II we had no world responsibilities."

Humphrey's concept of international dealings is, to say the least, stunning. Addressing the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce in 1966, Humphrey explained: "Foreign policy is really domestic policy with its hat on." Or to a union convention in Washington in

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1966: "Vietnam today is as close to the United States as London was in 1940."

He easily slips his moorings and becomes that most dangerous object, an unlighted hulk. His ways are dark and uncharted, especially in foreign affairs, about which he cares most and knows least. Jack Richardson captured perfectly this wandering side of Humphrey in an interview he recounted in *Esquire*:

> The first direct question I asked then was the possibility of a UN role in Vietnam and, as if in wonder himself, he answered that UN officials, after just tidying up their organization's financial condition, were not anxious to become directly embroiled in a war.
>
> "And also," he went on, "that would put Russia on the spot officially. Now that wouldn't be good for anyone."
>
> I wondered aloud that this was an odd position for the UN to take, since the purpose of its founding had been precisely that there should be in the world a mediating agency to such international troubles. Humphrey looked away at this and with some sadness—perhaps for the simplicity of my remark—murmured, "That's true," and somehow shifted the subject to the safety standards of American automobiles.

Safe worlds, safe cars—as Fulbright noticed, he is interested in everything *equally,* and so he sees nothing wrong in wandering back and forth across all borders in the same conversation, almost in the same breath, although that is not to say in the same thought.

When Humphrey was in South Korea in 1966 as the President's envoy he told officials in that country: "As long as there is one American soldier on the line of the border, the demarcation line, the whole and the entire power of the United States of America is committed to the security and defense of Korea. Korea today is as strong as the United States and Korea put together. America today is as strong as the United States and Korea put together." Even as diplomatic hyperbole, it was pretty hard to swallow; as a statement for practical application, it would have to be described as just short of crackpot. It fits into the pattern that was best demonstrated within one ten-day period in December, 1967, when he changed from hard line, "Wherever freedom is threatened in the world," to soft line, "We have no interest in becoming policeman to the world," to hard line, "Let those who think we are insincere in our position in Vietnam think twice before acting on that mistake," to soft line, "We seek only to permit self-determination, and if that means Communist rule, that is something we can accept."

Both the saving feature and the disaster of such remarks stem from the same point: five minutes after he has made them Humphrey could probably not remember what he had said. A couple of years ago Saul Pett, the Associated Press writer, had a long talk with the Vice President, during which Pett asked if he intended to try for the Presidency in 1972. Humphrey's eyes filled with tears, Pett recounted, as he got to his feet and grandly proclaimed: "It is entirely possible and probable that Hubert Humphrey [he likes to refer to himself in the third person] may not want to be President despite what some people think. But one thing I know. I want to be sure that my granddaughter will be able to read in her history books that" . . . etc., etc. By the time he had finished his oration tears were all over the place and he was shading his eyes. Pett, somewhat taken aback by this explosion of emotion, spoke to one of Humphrey's closest friends about it the next day. The friend said it wasn't uncommon. Pett asked if Humphrey had meant what he said about not wanting to be President, and the Humphreyphile replied: "I don't doubt at all that Hubert meant and felt what he said *as of the moment.* But I wouldn't count on it."

It is not irresponsibility or hypocrisy. Humphrey is a very responsible and an intensely sincere guy. He just happens to be unstable. He wishes everyone so much good that he is quite capable of promising everything to everyone, and as a consequence *one* side gets misled and hurt. It is lying in a way, but it is Humphrey's way, so it is not quite lying.

UNDERGROUND PRESS

GROWING RICH ON THE HIPPIE

THOMAS PEPPER
Mr. Pepper, a former reporter on the Winston-Salem Journal, *is now studying Japanese at Columbia University, on a Carnegie Corporation grant.*

The underground press has come of age. It is no longer underground and it isn't much of a press, but it does have fanfare—lots of it. In issue after issue in different cities around the country, underground editors proclaim that what they represent is the wave of the future, and that the future will be significantly better because of what they represent. As Allan Katzman, an editor of New York's *East Village Other,* told a correspondent for the ("establishment") *San Francisco Chronicle,* "America now finds itself split into two camps, two life cycles. A cultural evolution is taking place that will sweep the grey-haired masters into the garbage heap. Wisdom and time are on the side of youth." In similar vein, when *Open City* of Los Angeles announced a "national" edition last September, it explained in an editorial: "We feel that it is time that each of the groups now in revolt against an increasingly monolithic social system learns that it has much more in common with the other groups than it previously knew. Perhaps this way the separate, isolated rebellions which the Establishment finds comparatively easy to put down could be joined into one truly effective social and political uprising."

This self-generated excitement was made semi-official

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last month when *Newsweek* and *The Wall Street Journal* ran survey stories. Both reported increasing circulation and increasing financial success for underground papers, and both elicited the customary hyperbolic quotes from the subjects of any such feature stories. Peter Werbe, co-editor of Detroit's *The Fifth Estate,* assured *Newsweek* readers that success would not spoil the underground press. "I still view it as the first step in the guerrilla movement," the 27-year-old Werbe allowed. "Here we can begin to question the legitimacy of the System." Another underground editor, Marvin Garson, predicted: "It's going to get bigger all the time. There are going to be more and more papers that will give people coverage they're not getting—and will never get—from the daily papers."

Adding substance to such predictions is the appearance of at least two underground news agencies, roughly comparable to the Associated Press and United Press International of the regular world. One, the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), is a kind of cooperative that permits some sixty papers to reprint one another's stories with a credit line attached. The other, Liberation News Service (LNS), sells its news articles, reviews and essays to subscribers for $180 a year. Based in Washington, LNS has recently advanced beyond the mails and introduced teletype machines.

Estimates of the number of underground papers and readers vary widely. *The Wall Street Journal* counted "more than 50," *Newsweek* "more than 150"; Marshall Bloom, an LNS executive, told *The New York Times* that nearly 200 underground papers had begun publication in the last two years. On the other hand, Bloom told *The Nation* that LNS services some 280 publications, of which 125 were "underground" in a general sense, some eighty were "peace" papers, and the rest were college papers not controlled by an administration. Readership estimates vary from 333,000 (by *The Wall Street Journal*) to 4.6 million (by Bloom). Right now, with the whole underground movement in flux, no figure could be accurate for long.

What do these papers print, and what needs do they fulfill? Are they what they say they are? And are they affecting anyone, particularly their declared enemies, the established press and in turn established society?

In a real sense, the underground papers have brought home to everyone the fact that regular metropolitan dailies do not communicate with subcultures—those small, identifiable groups who remain interested in affairs too local even for a city paper. Instead, the metropolitan papers write for a mass audience, which to them means a middle-class audience, or at least an audience that is presumed to have middle-class mores. When big-city dailies do single out small, identifiable groups, they are careful not to upset existing social rankings. Whether in gossip columns, food recipes, feature stories, or in the moral tone of editorials, local "out groups" have learned not to expect much from their city desks. There are exceptions but, as often as not, attempts to include such "out-groups" are artificial, as in the "zone" editions that alter a few pages, or superficial, as in the coverage of sacraments like obituaries and high school sports.

The callousness of standardized news coverage has long been apparent to its victims—such groups as Bible Belt Southerners (who are pre-middle class), poor Negroes and unassimilated, ethnic white Northerners. Hence the vitality of ethnic radio stations which publicize the stories, the events, the songs and the concerns of America's subcultures, and which counterbalance the mass appeal of big papers by an exclusive appeal to special interests. The suburban newspapers—including all their drivel—fulfill an identical need for yet another subculture. By its success, the underground press has brought all these facts into the open, to a point where "intellectuals" are now aware of them, and to a point where an ordinary, predictable communications gap is transformed into big news —or as some people put it, into a sign of "sickness" in American society.

One should give credit where credit is due: By making both a financial and a cultural hit with their appeal to a rich and identifiable market, the underground papers have awakened virtually all concerned to a real deficiency in American newspaper journalism. But that is about all the underground press has done. It has certainly not improved the quality of journalism.

Indeed, the underground press has become a kind of suburban press all its own—a suburban press for the hippie and dropout set. The three basic commodities in today's underground newspaper—the advertising, the calendar of events and the artistic and political commentary—all have a parallel in the suburban press. Because the mores of the two audiences are different, the content of the ads, the calendars and the commentaries is different too; in the underground papers, the ads are vulgar, the calendars refer to love-ins rather than Little League, and the commentaries are critical and left wing rather than laudatory and conservative. But the difference between the underground and the suburban press is entirely one of content. The functions of both—to entertain and reinforce their audience—are the same. Suburban and underground editors give virtually the same justification for one-sided, sometimes polemical journalism—that the overwhelming influence of big-city dailies must be countered, and can be countered only if other voices are heard alone, crying in the wilderness with all their purity. Underground papers, like their suburban cousins, give readers what they want to read; they are a great new business, and far from representing a fundamental critique of American society, are actually full-fledged participants in it.

The formula for success in the journalistic underground was invented by *The Village Voice,* a tabloid with offices in Greenwich Village. Started in 1955, the *Voice* didn't turn a profit, according to a *Wall Street Journal* story,

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until 1963. Today, profit figures are withheld—probably because they are so large. Even before 1963, the secret to whatever appeal the *Voice* had was its technique of always outdoing the rest of the New York press: It stood to the left of the regular press politically, and to the imaginative side artistically. These were not difficult tasks, and there was an eager audience in those New Yorkers who—from a sense of duty or from a vested interest—feel permanently and gnawingly dissatisfied with American public life. With the demise of the New York *Herald Tribune,* the *Voice* has found it even easier to attract local readers who search for alternatives to reading only *The New York Times*. The *Voice,* a weekly, does not run news as such. It has sections devoted to reviews of music, movies, theatre, books and the press, and it regularly carries as filler material announcements that don't make the regular papers. In a typical issue, the *Voice* will run three or four long, personal, sometimes narcissistic commentaries on recent social or political events, with considerable emphasis on the abstract issues or moral principles thought to be relevant, and very little on the technical or bureaucratic aspects of fitting means to ends. The *Voice* prints a prodigious quantity of advertising, including retail shops, entertainment, books, off-beat fashions and classifieds. For the audience involved, the ads are informative and useful; they unquestionably pull well for the advertisers. Apart from everything else, the *Voice* is chic, as essential a piece of equipment to some New Yorkers as the *Trib* used to be to others.

The *Voice*'s formula—always feed the reader something that outdoes the regular, local press—has now been copied throughout the country. The content may have changed—the *Voice* now seems conservative by comparison with some of the later entrants to the field—but the process and the significance remain the same. Like their innovative "enemies" in the business world, their avowed "enemies" in the established press, and their dominant ancestor, *The Village Voice,* today's underground papers are meeting previously latent consumer needs, catering uncritically to the tastes of their consumers, and prospering from a shrewd analysis of the contemporary leisure-time market. The Berkeley *Barb,* the *East Village Other,* and the Los Angeles *Free Press* led the way in classified ads, for example, by opening their columns to advertisers soliciting sex partners, nude models and drugs. The demand for similar papers has snowballed. In every case, the local appeal of ads and calendars is mixed with the national appeal of underground revolt. Helped along by low operating costs, permissive court decisions on pornography, and the fortunate coincidence that today's social rebels happen to be sons and daughters of relatively wealthy parents, the underground papers have flourished by making themselves useful to a select group of advertisers.

Ron Cobb: From the Underground Press Syndicate

Local conditions do produce some substantive differences. In Los Angeles, a relatively new paper, the *Underground,* has attacked the *Free Press* for making an " 'in' thing of sick sex and drugs." In North Carolina, the *Anvil* shuns vulgarity and tries, in a somewhat tortured way, to present serious political and economic analysis. But because of the overwhelming sameness in most underground papers, the best of them all probably wouldn't qualify as "underground" today. It is the Pittsburgh *Point,* a well-produced weekly, whose response to the modern world is more than an outraged scream. Its political reporting, while reflecting concern about war, race and moral principles, is also strikingly detached. In covering a conference on organizing the poor, for example, the *Point* managed to take some shots at the participants without feeling obliged to disagree with their overall aims. In other words, the *Point* noticed a nuance or two that its more frenzied counterparts could hardly afford to describe. After quoting speaker Nicholas Von Hoffmann complaining about "wasted oratory" in community organization, *Point* editor Charles C. Robb wrote: "Von Hoffmann wasted some oratory himself in a long, rambling talk that was half ad lib, half read from scribbled notes." Later in the same article, Robb described one panelist as "the Negro grocer from Homewood who has become the loudest established black militant in the city." The *Point* also declared its preferences in last November's county election, but did not feel called upon to blame a conspiracy for their subsequent defeat.

Surprising as it might seem from the tone of the underground press, its writers are not the only people unhappy with the accomplishments of America's regular papers. There are plenty of critics—Irving Kristol, James Reston and McGeorge Bundy among them—who offer publishers both critiques and suggested reforms. And while the underground press may not realize it, the deficiencies of regular newspapers are only partly ideological. After all, the practices of the big-city papers, like those of the underground papers, make good economic sense. There is a limit to what can be done, and papers tend naturally to their most obvious, short-range tasks and stick naturally to traditional ways of doing things. Only the most ethically minded publishers seek quality for its own

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sake, whether in coverage of foreign affairs, city hall, or subcultures. And even among these publishers, an economic constraint will establish an outer limit to what is possible. Ironically, the most visible force for reform of big-city papers is neither the serious critics nor the underground critics but the new, slick city magazines. These magazines have demonstrated, by their own success, that the *nouveau riche* want and will buy more stimulating artistic commentary than is provided by the daily papers. Lately, the papers have been following suit.

The underground papers are not a quality press because they pander to their readers with a dexterity befitting the establishment papers they criticize so bitterly. In their own pages, instead of stimulating political and social discussion worthy of the society they say they seek, the underground papers offer nothing more than a stylized theory of protest. Indeed, by the definitions it now prescribes, the underground movement not only requires protest as an end in itself; it depends on protest. For without a dogged concentration on perpetual antagonism, some people might admit to improvements, "sell-out," and leave the movement. Then where would the underground papers be and what would they write about? This theme of "selling out" is a new and a hip variant of an old and inadequate form of social protest—one that was rejected both by the incremental reformers of civics-book America and by the professional revolutionaries of Russia, China and Africa, all of whom realized, sooner or later, that some positive program is needed to translate general goals into concrete benefits.

Instead of bringing much needed reforms to the established press, the underground papers have inspired their rich, fat, corporate enemies to enter the underground market themselves, and thus to cash in on yet another fad. This bears out the verdict of the London *Economist*, which wrote some nineteen months ago that "much of the new left's judgement of contemporary society is based on aesthetic rather than political or even moral criteria." It is helpful to separate the life style of the underground subculture from its claim to superior morality and from the specific political ideas buried beneath the psychedelic art work. One can then see that with an unholy mess like the Vietnamese War to provide a base for indignation, it has been all too easy for the movement to condemn everybody else. If thing are less simple from now on—with equally moral politicians disagreeing over policies and judgments and hunches—the underground press may find that a tone of outrage, supplemented by ads for beads and uninhibited roommates, will not hold its profitable audience together.

HARRY GOLDEN

ON Thursday evening I was in Blacksburg, Va., scheduled to debate Sen. J. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina in the auditorium of Virginia Polytechnic Institute. I was in an anteroom waiting for the debate to get under way when one of the student sponsors came in and told me that Martin Luther King had been shot in Memphis. Our debate nevertheless began, but was shortly interrupted by the dean of the school who told the assembled students that Martin Luther King was dead.

The student body at VPI is all white, but no Negro audience could have been more shocked by the news. I heard groans of despair. The dean then asked me if I would say a few words about Dr. King since I had known him well.

I said, "It is a sad day for the world and a sadder day for Americans. Like Pope John, Dr. Martin Luther King proved to all of us that Christianity has its uses. He borrowed an idea from Gandhi and transformed that idea of nonviolence into an American and Christian tradition. When Pope John died, however, he did not leave a vacuum, an ominous vacuum that may be filled not with love and brotherhood but hate and terror."

I finished. The students were still too shocked to know whether to applaud the sentiments or not. As they fidgeted, Senator Thurmond, who once ran for President on the Dixiecrat ticket, rose and said, "I disagree with Mr. Golden's estimate of Dr. King. He was an agitator, an outside agitator, bent on stirring people up, making everyone dissatisfied."

Then we went on with the debate. Senator Thurmond urged the answer to our problems was law and order and I said the answer was law and justice. He said the federal government was too big, that it encroached on the sovereign rights of the states, and I argued there hasn't been a sovereign state since 1789 when all of the original thirteen ratified the Constitution. I said everyone in South Carolina talks against big government except when they cash their federal checks for farm subsidies, school luncheons, social security and the like. South Carolina is a federal preserve, like Yellowstone National Park. The students applauded our arguments in equal measure.

Before I left the next morning, I learned that a group of the students had asked the president of the institution if they might lower the flag to half-mast. The president said the flag was lowered only by federal proclamation. The students thanked him and went out and lowered the flag anyway. As I was leaving the campus, I saw they had also lowered the state flag of Virginia to half-mast.

If they can lower the flag for Martin Luther King in a state which once closed its schools rather than integrate them, maybe his life wasn't in vain. Dr. King's life was too short, but maybe it made ours fuller. I hope so.

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Ghana in 1963. According to the preface, the manuscript was "rescued from Accra, after the military coup of early 1966." I happened to be in Accra in 1965 as a guest of Mrs. DuBois when she lent me a carbon copy. It was just as DuBois had assembled it; it is still in my possession and it begins: "I was born by a golden river and in the shadow of two great hills, five years after the Emancipation Proclamation, which began the freeing of the American Negro slaves." This section in the *Autobiography* comes into view on page 61, after some descriptions of DuBois' journeying abroad.

The carbon bears a very significant opening inscription: "Dedicated to the Dead: My Great Grandfather, James DuBois, My Grandfather, Alexander DuBois, My Parents, Alfred DuBois and Mary Burghardt, My Children, Burghardt Gomer DuBois, Yolande DuBois, My First Wife, Nina Gomer DuBois." Thus this work begins, and ends with a great unifying span of an apostrophe to the dead. "Let then the dreams of the Dead rebuke the Blind who think that what is will be forever and teach them that what was worth living for must live again, and that which merited death must stay dead. Teach us Forever Dead, there is no Dream but Deed, there is no Deed but Memory."

DuBois lived the last years of his life like a great virtuoso playing a Bach chaconne, with a faultless and accelerating rhythm which had to drive on, unslackening, to its imminent end. Every note had to be struck with accuracy; he had no more time to make mistakes, revisions or corrections. These are the *unretouched* words of a 90-year-old man squaring himself with death, and expecting it every day from a heart beating against impossible odds. His writing is unbelievably strong and young, without self-pity and vibrant with righteous anger. He could not include everything. He barely touches on his peaks as a great writer, a great historian, the father of Pan Africanism.

But no one book could contain him, nor could any institution. He was too big for them and for his own country. At the end he felt that only a Communist revolution could contain him and use him as the embodiment of black millions fighting to be free. He should be judged as a whole new cosmogony of ideas and momentum, of concepts rising and whirling in space, sometimes fusing, sometimes falling, but always radiating power and light and emitting lines of divergence which encompass the world and the world's people.

The Ritual of Originality

CHANDLER BROSSARD
Mr. Brossard's current work is The Spanish Scene (*Viking*). *His novels are* Who Walk in Darkness (*New Directions*), The Bold Saboteurs (*Farrar, Straus*) *and* The Double View (*Dial*). *He is an associate professor at the State University College, Old Westbury, N.Y.*

Most art is about art, most music about music, most sculpture about, yes, sculpture. The principle behind this is simple and paralyzing: to be truly original—or unique—is to exist outside the stabilizing context of tradition and society, that is, shared reality, which, by community necessity, is the *only* reality, and to have such an existence is to be insane or demonic. In other words, *not to be.* Since this is so, what rituals have been devised (agreed upon, really) to satisfy, or rationalize, one's presumed need to be original, or insane, or alienated? Exactly that: the ritual (or psuedo art form) of originality—alienation. And the beauty of this ritual is that the participant in it actually never leaves his comfortable position of averageness and unoriginality.

In current literature this ritual has its set styles, tones, poses, voices, flora and fauna, terrains and outcomes. Also, its dialogue between author and publisher. Conspiracy would be an exacter word; they conspire (within the ritual) to present ritual as a reality (in the phenomenology of contemporary emptiness this is a jewel). The author projects himself into a pseudo vision, the publisher projects himself into a pseudo convert role, and the latest round in the ritual is launched and published. The language the publisher employs, or has been assigned by the set piece art form within the ritual, is ageless and unvarying, as are all approved and functioning recitations.

Allow me to quote from the jackets of four recent novels—*The Free-Lance Pallbearers,* by Ishmael Reed; *The Answer,* by Jeremy Larner; *The Creep,* by Jeffrey Frank; *The Disciple,* by Clark Brown. About Frank: "Readers will be caught by the overwhelming conviction. . . . Bartholomew is a silent, anguished soul. . . ." Reed: "This electrifying first novel zooms American readers off to a land they have never heard of." Larner: "Caught up in a carnival of sensual powers. . . . An epochal literary experience . . . down corridors of madness. . . ." Brown: "Highly original . . . careens from Paris to Madrid . . . startling . . .

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These books exemplify a rampant and by now pathological literary ritual that reveals, not the death of God (which is the presumptuous implication) but the death of man (that is, the writer). Here is the alienated young man, too sensitive for his environment, searching his soul for the interior voyage, i. e., man in search of his real self and innocence. Nothing of the kind, of course, is taking place. It is a game being played by dead men in a cultural cemetery playing at being dead men in a cultural cemetery.

Other, and better established, practitioners come to mind. J. P. Donleavy as revealed in *A Singular Man*; Jack Kerouac in all of his productions; Saul Bellow in *Dangling Man* and *The Adventures of Augie March*. The difference between these authors and the four new ones is not in any way substantive but more a matter of better technique and literary sophistication. Bellow is a particularly rich example. His ritual is a reworking of the authentic visions, and "trips," of three true alienated adventurers, Kafka, Céline and Dostoevsky. And this takes an awesome internalizing of ritual. To make a ritual, within a ritual, of another's sensibility and style and absurdism is almost an art in itself, just as gifted transvestism sometimes does achieve a weird, though inorganic, breakthrough.

Each of the authors has an act: his topical story within the main non-story. Larner's, for instance, involves a young man in a hip scene—a university town—whose real non-hipness the witness "escapes" by way of an ecstatic drug experience directed by a swami much cut after Timothy Leary. Frank's act involves a young man who becomes dehumanized by the all too human city of New York. He searches for women who will lead him "somewhere." Reed's bit projects a young Kafka-boppy Negro into the very familiar wacky street world of the wacky street Negro. He too is looking for a woman to lead him.

Each author employs the standard language of his literary ritual, a language that is not a true language (as newspaper language is truly something that comes out of a machine) but a substitute for one allowing the author himself (assuming he has a language or identity of his own) never to have to appear, which is the way a real ritual is always played. (Did the ancient Greeks ever have to hear the street-corner voices of those automatized personages in the dramas? And if they did, did they, being the shrewd citizens they were, realize there was no connection at all so why bother to get upset?) Herewith some thoroughly representative samples. Larner: "She was all set now I knew, and my blood flowed back, and my guts unclenched, and I gave, at last, what I had come to give her." Reed: "I live in HARRY SAM. HARRY SAM is something else. A bit not-to-be-believed out-of-sight, sometimes referred to as O-BOP-SHE-BANG or KLANG-A-LANG-A-DING-DONG." And Frank: "He dreaded going into the streets again, and seeing all the other faces and hearing voices with them, and actually all humanity assembled for him to detest. . . . But loneliness was still the most desperate of words."

As is the case with the many other writers engaged in the same pseudo fiction project, Larner, Frank, Reed and Brown inadvertently employ the same nonfictional antagonist to work against their protagonist: environmental boredom. Not ideas, not ideologies, not existential conflict. The resonance set up between the antagonist and the protagonist—a tension that is central to any real fiction—in such "novels" as these is lacking in any depth or possibility. The grass is greener is hardly a dynamic concept. It is peevish and tangential to go into the shoddy technology of their production, their novelistic-craft ineptness. This school of ritualized alienation and "outness," like a lot of action painting, allows of an unconscionable flaccidity. Nay, encourages it, because this undiscipline contributes to the illusion of real wild imagination. The older, more successful workers in the field have at least conquered this seduction.

Such books, both recent and past, make shatteringly clear the difference between ritual and myth. The first is a formalized emptiness whose purpose is to rationalize disengagement and death. The other is an extension and merging of man's fantasies with his pragmatic position.

Now, one has to ask: what has become of fiction, true fiction? Has it been eliminated or almost totally destroyed by the ritual and its organizers? Is there a "market" for it? What are the ingredients, or requirements, of a fictional experience that can at the same time be unique and universal, relevant to the person having it and reflecting an authentic response to his time and place? Has metaphor become a vagabond in a ghost town?

Certainly, our humanity ultimately is not tenable without this metaphor. But the trans-cultural experience, or the transcendental projection, threatens entrenched schemata and must therefore be denied in order that "life," as one is allowed to know it, continue. Can man leap through this logic, give the lie to the mirror, or would the leap carry him into dreaded infinity, into his dreaded infinite self?

Camus' proposition as stated in "The Myth of Sisyphus" that man's central philosophical problem is suicide is unreal and exists in the tradition of art being about art. If we are not more than we seem to be, then suicide is pompous and a joke.

A Hero and a Poet

COLLECTED POEMS. *By Keith Douglas. Edited by John Waller, G. S. Fraser and J. C. Hall. With an introduction by Edmund Blunden. 164 pp.*

ALAMEIN TO ZEM ZEM. *By Keith Douglas. With an introduction by Lawrence Durrell. 164 pp. Both Chilmark Press. $4.95 each.*

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Mr. Hamburger, poet, critic and translator of German poetry, has published many books here and in England. He is one of the translators of the just published Poems for People Who Don't Read Poems *by Hans Magnus Enzensberger (Atheneum).*

Thanks, in part, to the advocacy of Ted Hughes, the work of Keith Douglas has at last come into its own, and Douglas is now widely regarded as the most remarkable of the young British poets who died in the Second World War. One reason is that Sidney Keyes, whose fame at one time eclipsed that of Douglas, was too young, and was killed too soon, to write "war poems" proper; and both Keyes and Alun Lewis responded far less positively and vividly to the experience of war, because of literary and personal preoccupations difficult to reconcile with a soldier's life. Alun Lewis was Douglas' senior by five years, and Keyes was only two years younger than Douglas; but Douglas was far in advance of his years, not only in literary skill but in a maturity and assurance attested even in the undergraduate poems which he contributed to the anthology *Eight Oxford Poets*, published in 1941. The *Collected Poems* include work written well before that time, beginning with the poem "Mummers" written at the age of 14.

In the ten years between that first poem and the last—Douglas was killed in June, 1944, at the age of 24—his painter's eye for significant detail and his keen intelligence gave him a range of awareness that was to serve him well as a war poet. By the age of 20 he had shed most of the literariness characteristic of the British poets of his generation, and could write in a natural speaking voice,

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as in the poem "Canoe" of 1940, even when his themes were metaphysical. Above all, the persistent premonition that he would die in the war gave him an adventurousness, a determination to be equal to that experience, and a curiosity about places, people and skills that are equally striking in his prose account of the North African campaign, *Alamein to Zem Zem*.

In this he emerges as an exceptionally brave and efficient officer who never ceased to be a poet: "To say that I thought of the Battle of Alamein as an ordeal sounds pompous: but I did think of it as an important test, which I was interested in passing. I observed these battles partly as an exhibition—that is to say that I went through them a little like a visitor from the country going to a great show, or like a child in a factory—a child sees the brightness and efficiency of steel machines and endless belts slapping round and round, without caring or knowing what it is all there for. When I could order my thoughts I looked for more significant things than appearances; I still looked—I cannot avoid it—for something decorative, poetic or dramatic. . . . I never lost the certainty that the experience of battle was something I must have."

That balance between involvement and detachment is as characteristic of Douglas as the way in which he combined ironic observation with a search for "more significant things than appearances." His poem "Aristocrats" reads like a satirical exposure of upper-class British attitudes carried over from civilian life into the business of war:

The noble horse with courage in his eye
clean in the bone, looks up at a shellburst:
away fly the images of the shires
but he puts the pipe back in his mouth.

Peter was unfortunately killed by an 88:
it took his legs away, he died in the ambulance.
I saw him crawling on the sand: he said
It's most unfair, they've shot my foot off.

How can I live among this gentle
obsolescent breed of heroes, and not weep?
Unicorns, almost,
for they are falling into two legends
in which their stupidity and chivalry
are celebrated. Each, fool and hero, will be an immortal.

The complex irony and pathos of that poem, and of all Douglas' work that came out of the war, make him the one British poet of the Second World War who can bear comparison with those of the First World War, with Owen, Sassoon and Isaac Rosenberg, whom Douglas especially admired. The very detachment of the poem shows that Douglas himself was very much a product of prewar upper-class England, with all the virtues and gallantry of that "obsolescent breed of heroes," but without the stupidity that could take its code for granted. The satire turns out to be a true celebration of that breed, just because Douglas' intelligence told him that the breed was obsolescent; and because Douglas was writing out of a quarrel, not with others but with himself.

Not the least of Douglas' virtues as a poet and prose writer was a moral one which he owed to his upbringing—a passionate truthfulness. This truthfulness was nourished by an awareness of what was going on outside Britain, an awareness of the general implications of the war. Douglas himself made this point in a letter appended to the *Collected Poems*, his reply to strictures on his irregular and jagged prosody, which Douglas defended as "significant speech," as distinct from song or rhetoric:

> I don't know if you have come across the word Bullshit—it is an army word and signifies humbug and unnecessary detail. It symbolizes what I think must be got rid of—the mass of irrelevancies, of "attitudes," "approaches," propaganda, ivory towers, etc., that stands between us and our problems and what we have to do about them. To write about the themes which have been concerning me lately in lyric and abstract form would be immense bullshitting. . . . I suppose I reflect the cynicism and the careful absence of expectation (it is not quite the same thing as apathy) with which I view the world. . . . I never tried to write about war . . . until I had experienced it.

What Douglas called his "cynicism" there is defined in the same letter, when he says "to admit any hope of a better world is criminally foolish, as foolish as it is to stop working for it." That very toughness, combined with the compassion that made Douglas withdraw from battle at times to take wounded men back to safety in his tank, distinguishes Douglas' response to the realities of war.

The new volume of *Collected Poems* makes a few significant additions to the contents of the collection published in 1951 by Poetry London; and they are now presented in roughly chronological order. A number of Douglas' drawings have been added. Apart from Lawrence Durrell's Introduction, *Alamein to Zem Zem* is based on the Poetry London edition of 1946, which also included color plates, omitted from the new edition, as well as a selection of Douglas' later poems. The earlier editions have long been out of print; but it was Tambimuttu of Poetry London who published Douglas' work both in his periodical of that name and in book form long before it was

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generally recognized and acclaimed. Both he and the editors of the new volumes—all of whom were personally associated with Douglas and devoted to his work—deserve the gratitude of his new readers. Not only war poems like "Gallantry," "*How To Kill*" and "*On a Return from* Egypt," but love poems like "The Knife" and the metaphysical poem "Time Eating" are among the very best poems written in English during the war, quite apart from the circumstances of Douglas' youth and his death in action. *Alamein to Zem Zem*, too, retains its dual interest and importance as a record of war in the desert and as an account of one exceptional man's response to the experience of modern warfare.

ART

MAX KOZLOFF

We are in the process, these days, of reassimilating what had once been known as the artistic "machine." In the 19th century everyone knew that the "machine" was a gigantic painting in heroic style, generally of academic or Salon origin, a history picture, official, sometimes a mural, and always a rhetorical demonstration of the artist's engagement with ideas, and the exposition of his skill. The word, of course, is derogatory; it seizes upon the mechanism and pretentiousness which were the features of many, but by no means all, the works of art which have since then aspired to grandeur. Twentieth-century artists have generally been unable to work on this scale without some fundamental irony or displacement of energy. The earlier prizing loose of conservative government patronage from what came to be an alienated art intelligentsia had much to do with this. But more importantly there has prevailed a suspicion of public emotions, and a mistrust of ideology and propaganda that virtually eliminated the monumental as an artistic genre of our times. Now, all this seems to be evaporating, and one witnesses the reintroduction of an art of mammoth dimensions, if not altogether symphonic orchestration.

The 1930s may yet come to seem a predecessor for this development. For just as artists of the sixties are skimming the glossier surfaces and campy glamour from the moderne artifacts of that decade, they are also emulating the formats in which some of the artists of that time attempted a call to arms. Lest we forget, it was the period not only of Busby Berkeley and the Radio City Music Hall but of the WPA project and the Mexican muralists. Rivera at Detroit painted his vision of the proletariat in herculean labor on the automobile assembly line, and Robert Delaunay constructed his hall of concentric circles for the Paris railroad pavilion of 1937, a work now briefly at the Metropolitan Museum, where it looks fantastically *au courant*. Whether or not these efforts were "machines," their subject could not have been other than the **machine** itself, for nothing has as yet competed with technology as the single most life-shaping factor in the existence of modern man. That modern art has preoccupied itself with this central theme, making it into a new "history," was evident in the thirties, when Meyer Schapiro wrote (*in the Marxist Quarterly*):

> Léger decomposes the elements of machines into Cubist abstractions or assimilates living things to the typical rigid shapes of machines; the Dadaists improvise a whimsical burlesque with robots or reconstructed men; in Holland the neo-plasticists construct their works of quasi-architectural units; in Germany the Constructivist-Suprematist forms ape the drawings and models of the machine designer, rather than the machines themselves. And the Futurists, in distinction from all of these, try to recapture the phenomenal aspects of moving mechanisms, of energy and speed.

Here was an iconography of grandeur, and it was inevitable that it should summon up at least once the vestiges of the 19th-century "machine" tradition in new emblems of optimism. Moreover, the "collectivist" imagery of this revival made it psychologically permissible to commit oneself to overt social content and inflate the scale of a pictorial tradition long skeptical of, or frustrated in, any communication with the masses.

The one contemporary exception to this rule, although it was also the most

GHOST STORY OF A NEW HAMPSHIRE GRAVEYARD

The old ghost
Among the stones
Has cold feet
And a bitter heart;
He cannot see colors.
Sadness and anger
Rise out of the ground:
His children are neighbors
Buried nearby,
Such little ones!
They are not lambs.
They are fireflies and mosquitoes
Of unusual fierceness,
And in his cold brain
They bite and burn.

DOROTHY GILBERT

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seminal and premonitory of its class, was the "Guernica" by Picasso. While it summarized, synthesized and passed on all that late Cubism could represent as a master style, it indicted a historical incident, the first aerial bombardment of an undefended civilian population. It would have been merely a reactionary gesture to castigate the demonism of the machine. But it was a cry of prophetic outrage, as much political as it was aesthetic, to see in "Guernica" the lethal imminence of a technology through which man would seek to destroy himself. And now we have our own like document, a picture that whether consciously or not, replies to the "Guernica" across the years, and befits us as the defiant older work would never have chosen to do. I refer to James Rosenquist's "F-111" on loan in the Metropolitan Museum.

In the literature of guilt, the Picasso may be taken as an example of warning, the Rosenquist as a token of complicity. "Guernica," though referring to an actual event, aspires to timelessness (a far more accurate index of the monumental than largeness of scale). And though, too, it is executed only in black, white and gray, it is optimistic in the sense that the work of any great reformer is optimistic. But "F-111," which maximizes the political implications of Pop art, has become an instant period piece. For though it diffusely montages a serious of artifacts rather than reconstructs an event, it is journalistic in conception. And while it is gorgeously technicolor in palette, it could not be more bleak in outlook.

This mural has elicited bitter controversy since its completion in 1965. One confronts a 10-foot high frieze of panels, canvas and aluminum, that sprawls awkwardly for 86 feet around the corners of the room. Without special emphasis other than that caused by a provisional installation and the spectator's choice of vantage, there unfolds, left to right, in front of the silhouette backdrop of the life-size jet, a track hurdle, an angel food cake crowned by a heavy-treaded tire, light bulbs, one of which is cracked open, the grinning head of a little blond girl in a hair dryer, an atomic mushroom cloud topped by a beach umbrella, a burst of air bubbles above the hood of a scuba diver, and a mass of wriggling canned spaghetti, now *behind* the nose lance of the plane. Impossible to ingest in one glance, the painting also seems intellectually ambivalent and disruptive.

But though its compositional sense is additive and piecemeal, it exhibits a definite program, and eventually amounts to a kind of inventory of apocalypse. Threaded across the sleek fuselage of what has been touted as the most devastating war machine of the age, are outsized images of the consumer culture that are its smiling, sportive counterparts. The levels on which this billboard panorama can be "read" are multiply disturbing in their own right. Magnified, outward projecting, cajoling, these gargantuan if banal objects lose their social distance and flatten us aggressively, not with the artist's own rhetoric but in the highway idiom we ourselves have sanctioned. Cause and effect are scrambled in this tableau which abrasively transmits good news into bad. It is as if the hypocritical cheeriness of our affluence, to which we have grown defensively impervious, has been frozen by the flash bulbs *in flagrante delicto*. Few will disagree with this "message"; but many have objected to its over-accessibility, confusing received ideas, or even liberal clichés, with the work of art which alludes to them.

For the imaginative processes that operate here are uniquely metaphorical, and in the end, even poetic, in the manner of surrealism. On a secondary level, for example, the general content is implicit in specific sensations: the section of cake reveals a shaft like that of the atomic blast, as does also the cloud of bubbles, even further suggesting the gulp of air of the bomb, of the vacuum of the bulb cracked open, as well as the drier and the jet intake. This gulp, in turn, is one of the bases of Rosenquist's meaning. Speaking of the wallpaper roller patterns superimposed on the F-111's tail, he said (in a *Partisan Review* interview conducted by G. R. Swenson in 1965): "You walk outside of your apartment into what used to be open air and all of a sudden feel that it has become solid with radioactivity and other undesirable elements. So I used a wallpaper roller with hard artificial flowers to hang in the atmosphere like a veil." This not so paranoid vision of an atmosphere and a nature that is chemically changed shoots alarmingly through the mural. (Its oscillation between urban and rural, still-life and landscape configurations, is to the point.) The cake is impaled with little pennants advertising its synthetically injected vitamins: the Day-Glo green of the grass behind the drier is like some awful cosmetic spray visited upon a lawn; and the umbrella frivolously blankets a massive fallout. One can choke to death in this brand-new ersatz cleanliness.

Despite the unevenness of its double meanings, "F-111" imputes to American civilization all the directedness of life on a conveyor belt, an accelerating arsenal of productiveness beamed toward a goal the artist himself has described as "some blinding light." (Picasso, too, was concerned with a glaring light, but

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how differently!) To think as Rosenquist does of the picture as "being shoveled into a boiler" is to gain a greater understanding of his similes, not merely in their Magrittean sense but in terms of their current destination. The Firestone tread (how much more evocative of his aim than "Goodrich," which would have suggested a rather different idea) becomes an inhuman chevron of brutality. The bulbs, "glowing . . . but not turned on," provide a luminous key, a pretty incandescence. In the convex drier is the distorted reflection of a fighter pilot or astronaut. "AIR FORCE" is posted across the atomic explosion, and finally the intestinal spaghetti, swishing in its thin red gruel, turns gray and is bordered by the terminal blank aluminum panels that bounce off the light of the gallery. The whole is an anti-epic, replete with jump-cuts and zoom shots, that retails in false and fearful splendor the magnitude of our involuted values. It is indeed a vengeful machine.

Yet, part of the paradox of this work lies in its own involvement with the very complex it incriminates. It would have been too blatant for this Pop artist to have depicted real violence, but it was not too compromising to derive sensuous benefits from the conditions and materials he abhors as a human being. No matter how ironically structured, Pop art's acceptance of high-powered commercial routines has no choice but to be ambivalent, if not parodistic, as a rhetorical device. The issue is never more crucial than in this picture which purports to give an "antidote" to, rather than a mere reflection of, our ways. Those who have accused it of formal inadequacy exaggerate wildly, for if anything, Rosenquist has sacrificed a good deal of political effectiveness in order to enhance the work's artistic potentialities. Though it is now considerably more overpainted and labored than when I remember it in the studio, the mural is still a tour de force of chromatic brilliance and painterly felicity. The filtered oil and acrylic transparencies of the plane's midriff are an example, while "F-111's" lush and indulgent sensitivity to textures has, in addition, a sensory éclat hard to match. But to the extent that we respond to these features, the more specious, or at least suspect, becomes the tone of the work. By the attractiveness of its form, we may be robbed of some of our wrath at the horror of its subject. That coherent balance of form and content possessed by Picasso is no longer possible to a Rosenquist who seriously imagined selling his work in fragments, as souvenirs of a polyglot enterprise.

Of course it may convincingly be argued that our situation does not permit the holistic verities and evident symbolism that could be tapped by Picasso. By all indications, Rosenquist's exploration of the moral underbelly of our society was forced to reveal the proportion of his and our half-damning participation in it. (Something of the same can be said for the gratuitous scale and physical vacancy—so typically American—of much recent abstract art.) Yet it is part of the general perplexity that we share feelings of powerlessness and disjunction in an automated world while still partly wanting to react to its terrible and alluring myth of our own potency. How do most Americans feel about the portentous and yet ludicrously inadequate performance of the first operational F-111s? Like Godard's latest color films, Rosenquist's Magrittean poetics detonate some very contemporary unease, even as they verify the hollowness of the machine tradition.

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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

One of the merits of Mart Crowley's *The Boys in the Band* (Theatre Four: 424 West 55 Street) is that without stars it presents "all-star" acting and direction. The author is new to the stage (he has previously been active in television and film) and Robert Moore, directing his first New York production, has long been an actor. We are confronted with newcomers whose initial essay on the local boards is a hit.

The "boys" of the title are all or almost all homosexual. None of them is a Gide or a Proust or even a Baron de Charlus. Such types, like all superior personages, are rarely dealt with by our dramatists. The boys in the band are for the most part a sorry lot: some of them show a definite nastiness, mitigated in certain cases by wit. Much of the play is funny, although one cannot always be sure whether the laughter it provokes is caused by surprise, malice or the casualness of the pervasive obscenity.

Still we need not be overpunctilious about these points. There is a sufficient Manhattan sophistication and literacy in the proceedings to give the piece a value beyond its camp qualities. Its picture offers little depth but considerable surface skill. What emerges in the end, as so frequently in such instances, is a fundamental sentimentality. But it is clear: Mart Crowley has ability and if he can apply it on a wider scale he may come to write some good comedies.

There is little "plot." Michael, one of the boys, struggling, under psychoanalysis, with his Catholic upbringing and his deviation, is giving a birthday party for a Jewish friend, addicted to several vices apart from his basic peculiarity. Invited to the party are a married college instructor, who brings along his lover, an unabashed or screaming queer (always good for yaks), a serious-minded and sad young man who is Michael's lover, a self-effacing Negro and a male whore brought by the flagrant fag as a gift for the guest of honor.

"Suspense" is created by the unexpected and momentarily embarrassing arrival of Michael's former college chum. At first Michael cautions his guests not to shock the "square" visitor. But as the party progresses and any attempt to conceal its character becomes impossible, Michael insists on proving to the intruder that he too is an urning. Michael fails because it is unequivocally apparent that the victim of the evening's charade loves his wife even though he may have been obliged to repress his tendency to inversion. This humiliates Michael who breaks down in a fit of hysterical self-reproach.

"If we could only not hate ourselves," Michael weeps. Though this outcry may be extended to the bulk of mankind it does not make the play profound, moving or "psychological." What it possesses is a smooth veneer skillfully applied in a vein now become fashionable.

Returning to the uniformly excellent

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acting, particular commendation is due Laurence Luckinbill as the college teacher, to Leonard Frey as the viciously intelligent birthday boy, to Frederick Combs as the quiet one in the band, and to Kenneth Nelson as Michael.

Robert Moore deserves much credit as director for shrewdness in casting and for the balance between honesty of portraiture and theatrical effectiveness. There are only two "slips" in this regard: when he makes the most effeminate of the boys (well done by Cliff Gorman) become moon-eyed and mushy to indicate genuine feeling, and when he overstresses the "straight" visitor's tension and pain in the struggle with his ambivalence.

George M!, a musical with book by Michael Stewart, John and Fran Pascal, music and lyrics by Cohan himself, revised by his daughter Mary, fits the Palace Theatre—the once renowned house of vaudeville—perfectly. The show is brash, loud, fast.

I repeat: Loud and Fast! Everything —including the ever-changing settings— moves with literally breathless speed. (The management would be well advised to have its understudies ready to go on at all times and to keep a heart specialist in constant attendance.) The song *Mary* is slowed down a bit, but only to suit the singer's need. I left the theatre with little exhilaration but with considerable admiration for the proficiency of Joe Layton, the director-choreographer.

Pace saves the show. There is not much to it in the way of writing or even melody. The Cohan songs (very agreeable in themselves) are stylized to accord with the general production method of rapid and raucous speech and movement. The Cohan combination of breeziness and nonchalance is replaced by bounce and bombast. There are also some facile parodies of quaint old-time dance routines.

Though the "story" begins in 1878 and runs through 1937—with lots and lots of the "original" tunes—the tone is Broadway 1968, the New York of today, hustling, bustling, brutal. Its nostalgia is noisy. In consonance with the production, which is conditioned by the circumstances of the street outside, the audience whoops it up with bravos and applause like mad, or at least it did when I saw the entertainment at its first matinee, packed with show folk w are always vociferous appreciators.

Joel Grey, who hasn't e slightest resemblance in appearance ne or manner to Cohan, is an agile d gifted performer who was cast ser to "type," that is, to the possibi s of a genuine characterization in *aret*. Frail and lithe, he sets the p . A number of hoofers and dancers ene Castle, Harvey Evans) follow suit. Bernadette Peters has the right face and feel for Cohan's sister Josie. A black "brat" Susan Batson is a cute comedienne, and Jacqueline Alloway (in a number of "bits") possesses the sumptuous allure of an old-fashioned show girl. Still the evening is Layton's. But the real star is the prefabricated audience. It makes the evening whatever it seems or aims so hectically to be.

The Negro Ensemble Company's third production of the season is devoted to Wole Soyinka's *Kongi's Harvest*, a play about an African country called "Isma." It concerns the conflict between a deposed and provisionally imprisoned traditional ruler, devoted to the old ways, hence "reactionary," and a maniacally malevolent dictator bent on progress. Slight as the situation is, Soyinka has made it suffice to suggest the terror and the comedy in such crazy communities where the complex vocabulary and devices of more advanced societies are scrambled with the cunning and symbolism of the primitive.

The dictator has his brain trust, a shabby, confused and disputatious board whom Kongi keeps sequestered and famished while they work out such intellectual problems as the use and justification of slogans. The dictator's chief henchman and spy is called the Organizing Secretary, smooth of tongue, cynical and sneaky, at once boasting and pusillanimous.

The heir to the old ruler's throne is the man in the middle. Though somewhat alien to the old, he is emotionally loyal; distrustful of and disgusted by the cruel duplicity of the new regime, he is committed to little but compromise. As a result he conducts a life of sensual self-indulgence in the seething underworld.

The patriarch of the old order, surrounded by a gaggle of wives, is tenacious of his ancient dignity and code with a certain abidingly sly skepticism, which is at times characteristic of conservatives who no longer credit their inherited beliefs but still despise the pretensions of the new. Looming around them are the appurtenances of the recently imposed industrialism, while in the underbrush we sense the hot beat of the jungle, always threatening to erupt in grotesque and bloody acts.

The alternation of mood from savage horror to grim irony is the most interesting feature of the play. Soyinka's dialogue reveals traces of the divergent aspects of the scene: it is deviously mocking, at moments richly poetic, stiffly or overelaborately eloquent, as if he were translating from a language not his own into another which is also foreign to him. The general texture of the writing—which does not always seem to fit in the actors' "mouths"—while occasionally rough is always savorsome.

The cast—Douglas Turner, Robert Hooks and the others—acquits itself well. Simple but stirring dances were arranged by Louis Johnson. In these, the women whose skins glisten with a satin glow, move with a power that is more than muscular, while the men stomp and shudder with a demonic discipline which is not machine made. Jeanne Button's costumes combine colors of the forest with deliberate notes of an absurd contemporaneity.

The evening offers a wide range of substance and sensation for the mentally alert theatregoer.

A BURNED-OUT ENGINE ON THE SOUTHEAST EXPRESSWAY

My pretty seagreen manslaying automobile
raced lightly up the long hill, scarcely
grazing the macadam.

Her heart purred under her hood, the even hum
of all her joints played fugue and counterpoint—
until she missed a beat:

She drove delicately, trying to hold back
the first rasps of disaster. The pistons were out
of time, something was dragging

under the tailpipe. A wheel had gone soft.
The dry clashing of injured bearings.
Jammed in mid-course,

her slain parts clattered, then stopped.
I climbed out of the car, pale and empty,
feeling in my belly—like sudden old age—
the ruined dry engine.

RUTH WHITMAN

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FILMS / Robert Hatch

The fact of insanity, as it works on the relationships of characters whom we agree to call sane, is a valid, and very ancient, ingredient of drama. But when the insane are made themselves the focus, it strikes me as a way of using sensation to evade commitment. Theatre—however elevated, fantastic or gross—is about how we live now (or used to live or will live tomorrow), and madness is a removal from life. An audience can relate to lunacy only by extending objective pity, and that response has no dramatic context.

I say this remembering that the gradations of mental imbalance are infinite and that the impossibility of defining insanity is a legal platitude. Further, neurosis, often in extreme forms, is common fare of the theatre—it is an element in the make-up of this or that character with which one must cope. But when no explanation can be given for a character's action except that he is insane, there is no way to cope. The proceedings may be eventful but they will not be dramatic, rather desperate antics to stimulate the jaded and frighten the young. Accordingly, I do not greatly admire the current films of two most eminent directors.

To take the more severe preoccupation with insanity first, I supposed for almost the whole of Bergman's *Hour of the Wolf* that it was the husband (Max von Sydow) who was mad, but toward the end it became clear that his wife (Liv Ullmann) was also deranged. Since the picture is based exclusively on his diary and her account of what occurred, there is no way of knowing what is real, what is distorted and what is utter illusion. It seems safe to say that the two were living in solitude on one of the Frisian Islands before he disappeared, but was there also a house party in a nearby castle; and, if so, how eccentric were the guests? Presumably they did not give a puppet show with live homunculi, and presumably an old lady did not take off her face with her hat (Bergman really wrings the grue out of that whimsy), but otherwise, who can say? And who can say whether the man killed a boy in a fit of homosexual rage or encountered on the beach a woman who displayed a bruised right breast? And who can really care? In such a setup, anything is possible, everything is enigmatic and nothing is significant. It is mere spookery.

I think, also, it is time to stop saying: "Oh, but what a marvelous actor is Max von Sydow—so strong, so sensitive, so suffering." In fact, he gives every sign of being a badly spoiled actor (no wonder), who is almost completely inert, trusting to get by on his protruding cheekbones and Bergman's melodramatic lighting. I am weary of the very sight of him.

The heroine of Luis Bunuel's *Belle de Jour* is also deranged. I am not referring to the fact that, a woman frigid with her husband, she is under a compulsion to work afternoons (hence her pseudonym) in a whorehouse, but to her collapse in moments of stress into a catatonic state in which she suffers episodes of masochistic atonement. This unhappy woman (Catherine Deneuve) does indeed have periods of reason, and her madness is relevant to the behavior of the other characters, so the situation is by no means as extreme as with Bergman's creeper.

My problem with Bunuel's film is that I find it unserious overall and most interesting in detail. At its conclusion, the husband (Jean Sorel) has been blinded and totally paralyzed by gunshots from his wife's ferocious young gangster customer (Pierre Clementi, with Lon Chaney teeth). He knows the "truth," and she knows he knows it, but he cannot show whether or not he forgives her. She will go on nursing him through the years, with this "thing" between them. Coming after preoccupations with Lesbianism, sadism, masochism, masturbation, incestuous necrophilism and the abuse of children (to say nothing—because I do not know—of what the Chinese client may have had in his lacquer box) this ending is not only a naive contrivance in the O. Henry manner but its moral reference is dubious when applied to a woman who can find gratification only in commercial union with sexual freaks (she has but one approximately normal customer out of the lot) and who falls into trances in which she imagines herself whipped by coachmen and violated with a broken wine bottle.

The acting is fine. Miss Deneuve totters on the edge of lunacy with poignant conviction—her approach to the brothel makes you sweat. Genevieve Page is superb as the chic Lesbian madam. Michael Piccoli has an unusually interesting part and plays it with quiet relish and understanding. He is an elegant from the age of reason and the sadistic heart of the film. But such are the circumstances of his victims that he can indulge his lust for mental cruelty with complete moral logic. Sadists rarely have so fair a field, but his wickedness is familiar and chilling far beyond the gothic excesses of the heroine's fantasies.

I liked also the fact that, whereas Miss Deneuve's earlier hallucinations had involved an elegant carriage in which she or her tormenters were riding, in the final dream it drives past empty: there is to be no more solace in fancied punishment; the madness may continue but the pain will be real. This does a good deal to wipe the smug patness from the closing tableau.

Finally, the picture is luxurious in its appointments and handsomely peopled, and this gives a memorable sweetness to the decay. As always, Bunuel has a sure instinct for the suppurations of the soul. In this picture, though, he carries it to the sentimental fallacy of a greater fascination with the sores than with the souls. Except that she needs to be raped daily, the heroine is a dull girl.

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